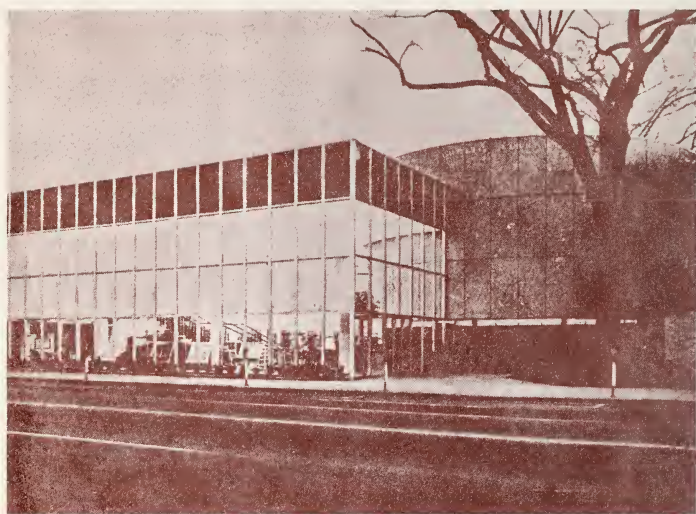
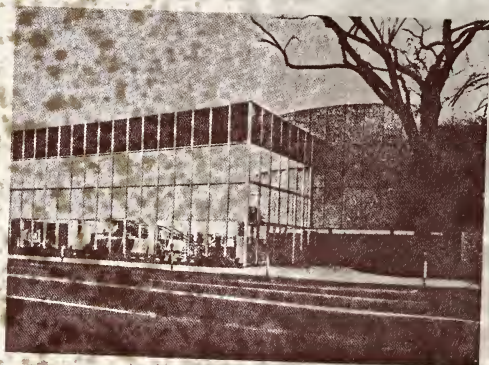


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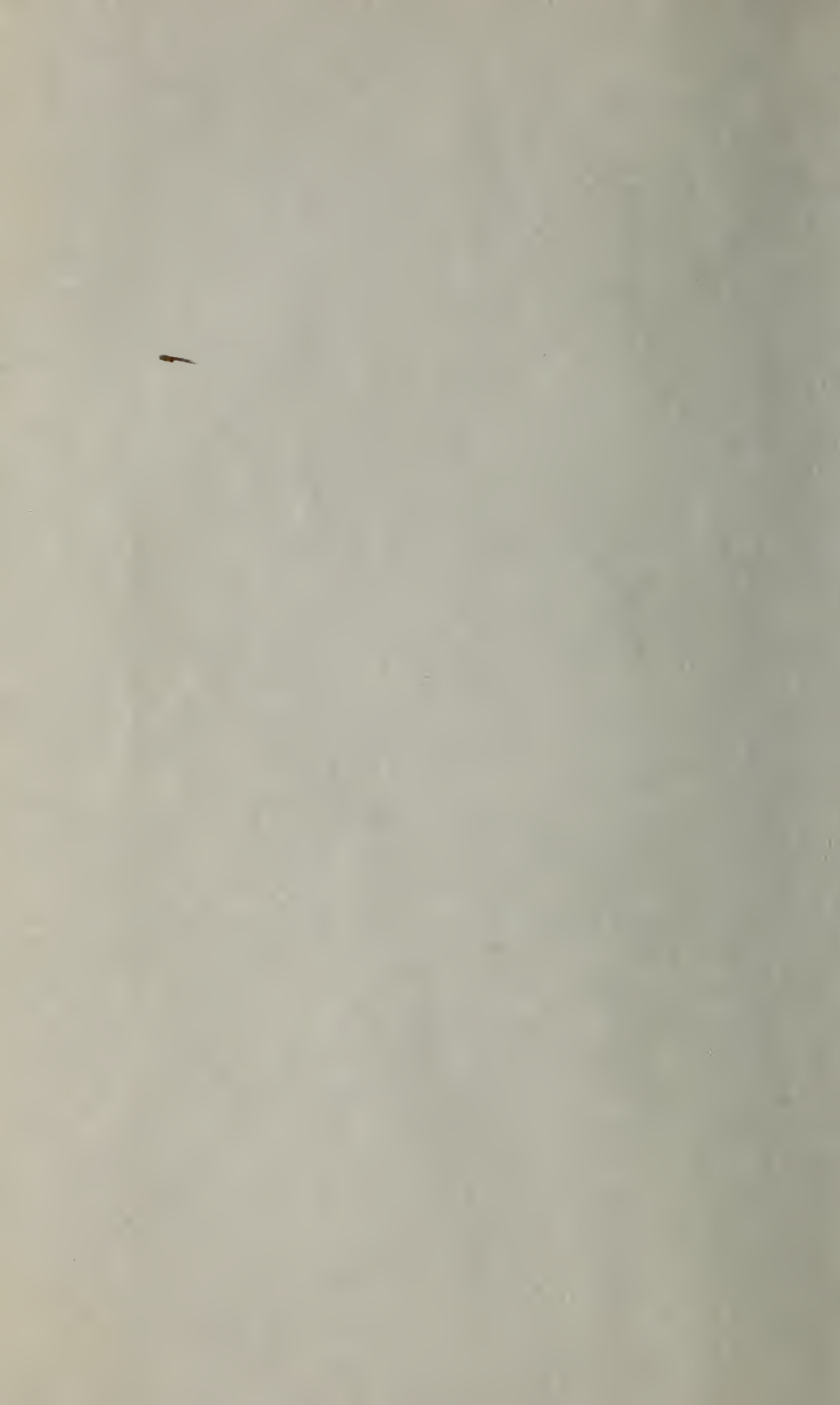


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THE

# CARRIER DOVE



OR

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE

# MAGAZINE.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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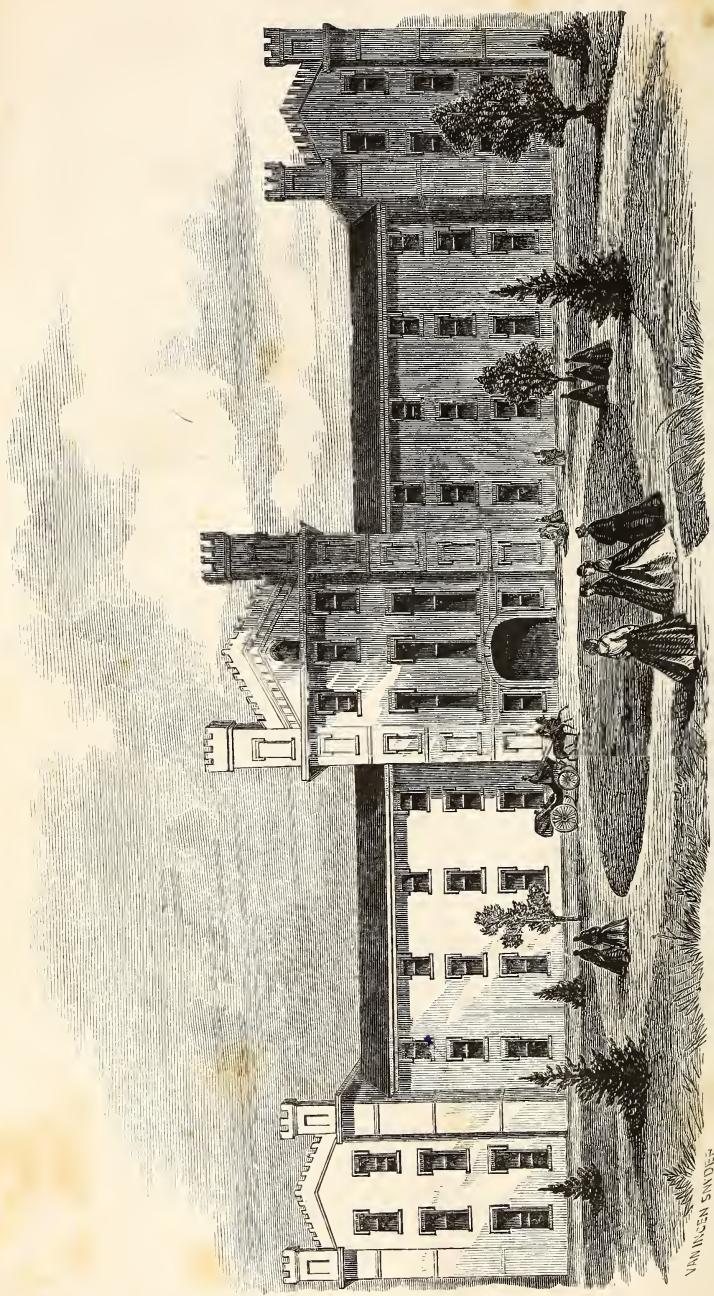
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VAN NISSEN SNODGE

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, N.C.

# The Carrier Dove.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY, 1868. NO. 1.

## THE CARRIER DOVE COMES TO YOUR DOOR.



THE first message, kind friend, is one of peace and love. May you be called late to heaven; and, while you tarry below, may your pathway be flowery, your skies serene.

We would gladly proclaim deliverance to all hen-pecked husbands; contentment to all the unmarried who are in "the sere and yellow leaf," and to all the "smitten," a smooth flow of love.

We wish well to all those elderly ladies who lecture the girls about the fashions, but who are always displeased with their own attire. In fact, we are kindly disposed towards the world in general, with the exception of those young heroes of the kid glove who worship at the shrine of ease and luxury, and whose equanimity would be disturbed by the folding of a rose-leaf under their heads.

There is, we would remark on reflection, still another class of people, of whom we have heard, but whose faces we hope never to see. We mean scolding teachers. For them we have no words of cheer, no friendly greeting. May these sour specimens of humanity—these unhappy people with dried hearts, thin lips, glassy eyes, and brazen throats, find "a lodge in the wilderness," or a habitation on the other side of the world. May their shadow daily grow interestingly less until the race becomes extinct. May no grass grow on their graves, no birds sing above their lowly heads.



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Wishing well, as we do, to so many people, we certainly have a right to claim exemption from the inflictions of all stern criticisers, except it be those whose ire we have incautiously kindled.

Captiousness itself would blush to find fault with such amiable and benevolent creatures as now hold the pen! Grave and profound philosophers will "pass our imperfections by;" all charitable readers will wink at our weaknesses, and the sage Fresh or First classers will marvel at our wisdom!

But how can you listen to our message of peace and good will? Has not *the flood* been upon us, and does not the olive leaf indicate that the earth is, as yet, scarcely dry? Have not the waves of war rolled over our fair heritage? Have not our fields and homes been laid waste, and does not love weep over the fallen? -

Yet we ask, "Why should a living man complain?" Do not the stars still shine by night? Does not the sun still hold Empire in our system? Are not the clouds propitious? Is not the soil fruitful? Do not the pines on the mountains still lift their majestic heads heavenward? Do not the violets look modestly up from the vale? Do not lilies grow and roses bloom? Are not the sparrows fed? and are not we of more value than many sparrows? Is not home still sweet? Friendships' wreath ever green? Does not the Bible still direct us to that land where there is no war? Then, let broken hearts be bound up; tears be wiped away. While we are made better by the sad memories of days gone by, let us look forward, at the bidding of glorious Hope, to scenes of love and joy. Soon may we see "spread upon the mountains" the morning of that day, when

"Peace shall o'er the world her olive-wand extend,  
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend."

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## Department of the Philotechnic Society.

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### THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.



E believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity—that is, to spiritualize our nature.

True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she can not wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion.

It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human

nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life—we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence.

But, passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom.

And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser pleasures and labors of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic.

The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire,—these are all poetical.

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He



only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which makes civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which—being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts—requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.

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### HOPE.



IF we contemplate the ravages of time but for a single year, and reflect upon the changes and events that have taken place even in our own limited sphere, we must be sensible of the insecurity of all things earthly, and feel that this world is not our home, and cannot long be our abiding place. By casting our eye back to the years when our feeble existence commenced, we learn, that when a few more friends have left, and a few more changes mocked us, our voices too must be hushed, our hearts must cease to beat, and our heads must be placed on that pillow from whence they will be raised only when "time shall be no longer."

In this situation then, and with this belief, we are doubtless ready to cry out, Is there no substance among all these shadows? If the pleasures of life are vanishing away—if the works of nature are changing, and the monuments of art crumbling to the dust—if, while looking upon our friends, they

are fled from our anxious gaze, and we have felt that we are as transient as they—if we have looked in vain for durability on every object to which we can turn our eyes, on what shall we rest; on what can we place our trust? Can there be no support? Can nothing be named to sustain our sinking hearts? Thanks to the Author of all good, we are not left without a guide. There is a point to which we may direct our eyes. Though all created substances perish, “HOPE is *eternal*.” The hope of future happiness is a never-failing source of consolation to the Christian. Under any troubles, however grievous, it soothes his mind. When memory brings to view joys that are past, departed friends that were near and dear, every spring of painful sensibility is touched; yet in these moments, how relieving is the hope that the separation is not eternal—that the time will come when those former connections with our virtuous friends will be renewed—when those whose piety and virtue once cheered us, shall be united to us, and they shall dwell together on that peaceful shore where the revolutions of nature can never come.

Who of us are to leave this world before the close of another year, is known only in the counsels of eternity. Doubtless there are many, who, looking forward to the opening year, are ready to promise themselves much, from the friendships and connections they have secured, and from the plans of prosperity which they have formed. But while they are doating upon these dreams of happiness, and saying in secret to their hearts “To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant,” we feel constrained to say to them, “Boast not yourselves of to-morrow, for ye know not what a day may bring forth.” But the sincere Christian, placing his hope on the Rock of Ages, will not be anxious to build his treasures where moth and rust do corrupt, or eager to scan the mysteries of futurity. It is enough for him to know that God reigneth, and that he can with truth exclaim—“ETERNAL HOPE!”

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
Thou undismay'd shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

## TWILIGHT.

I love this quiet evening hour,  
When all is hushed in sweet repose,  
And goodness, with a wondrous power,  
A halo o'er the spirit throws.

I love, beneath the azure sky,  
That low-roofed cot to bring to mind,  
And trace again, in fancy's eye,  
The scenes round which my soul's entwined.

The little yard where, when a child,  
I sported free, with gladsome brow,  
Or knelt, with feelings calm and mild,  
Beneath the green and spreading bough.

And there again I fain would kneel,  
Once more would bow myself in prayer;  
The lapse of years can never steel  
A heart that has no home elsewhere.

That moss-grown cot is standing yet,  
Though faded all that once was bright;  
Our sun of earthly bliss is set,  
And sunk in unexpected night.

Yet even in an hour like this,  
I love to muse on bygone days;  
Methinks there is no purer bliss,  
A soothing, calm-like minstrel lays.

'Twas there I passed my childhood's spring;  
The morning's dawn was fresh and fair,  
And I a free and joyous thing,  
That knew no want and felt no care.

What visions bright, but undefined,  
And beautiful in various forms,  
Cling, dream-like, round the musing child,  
The spirit purifies and warms.

But all the joys my childhood knew,  
The friends that loved me fond and well,  
Their race is run, the debt is due—  
They're gone before, in heaven to dwell.

The spring of life has passed away;  
Those childish thoughts no more are mine;  
A traveler on a weary way,  
My Father, grant me joys divine.

## THE CARRIER DOVE—COLUMBA TABILLARIA.



HIS bird is a native of the East Indies. The practice of sending letters by doves or pigeons belongs, therefore, principally to Eastern countries. The birds chosen for this service are called in Arabic—*hamahn*. They have a ring of parti-colored feathers around the neck, red feet, covered with down, and build their nests in the neighborhood of human habitations. In the province of Irak, white pigeons are trained with least difficulty. The first messenger bird ever sent forth, some consider to be that which went out from Noah in the Ark, and which returned with the leaf of the olive. A Post system, in which pigeons were the messengers, was established by the Sultan Nonreddin Mahmood, who died in the year 1174. It was improved and extended by the Caliph Ahmed Aliaser Liddir-Allah, of Bagdad, who died 1225. The price of a well-trained pair of such pigeons was at that time one thousand dinars, that is Arabic ducats. These flying posts lasted till 1258, when Bagdad fell into the hands of the Mongols, and was destroyed by them.

At present only a few wealthy individuals in the East keep these pigeons. It requires much time and patience to train them. As soon as the young pigeon and its mate are fledged, they are made as tame as possible, and accustomed to each other's society. They are then sent in an uncovered cage to the place whither they are usually to carry messages. One of them being carried away, after having been well trained for some time, it will certainly return to its mate. A small letter is written on the finest silk paper. This is placed lengthwise under one wing and fastened with a pin to a feather, the point of the pin being turned from the body. No part of the letter must hang loose, lest the wind should be collected in it. A pigeon of this kind can go upwards of a thousand parasangs, more than 2700 English miles in a day. There were similar posts in Egypt in 1450, for which columbaries were prepared in towers erected for public security.

This custom is, however, not confined to the nations of the East. Decius Brutus, according to the younger Pliny's account, sent dispatches by pigeons; and, in modern times, they were made use



of during the Dutch war by the inhabitants of Harlem, when besieged in 1573, and by the people of Leyden in 1574.

It is a well known fact that some merchants in Paris and Amsterdam employed carrier pigeons in order that the prices of stocks in Paris might be known as soon as possible in Amsterdam.

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### MADAME DE STAEL.



ADAME DE STAEL may, indeed, be said to have established a more brilliant reputation in the republic of letters, than any one of her sex that has ever lived. Her death, which happened at Coppert, in Switzerland, in July, 1817, produced an almost unexampled sensation, the more lively, on account of the striking and affecting circumstances by which it was marked. At the commencement of the year, she seemed to have anchored in the port of earthly happiness; the storms which were constantly gathering over her head, during the ascendancy of Bonaparte, had all passed away; she was safe from persecution and exile; Lewis XVIII. had restored to her the two millions of francs which her father, M. Necker, deposited in the treasury of France, in the year 1790; her daughter was united to a man of the highest rank and of distinguished talents; her residence in Switzerland had become a shrine, at which genius and learning were always to be found assembled, from every part of Europe. She could devote her leisure to composition, with all the aids to be drawn from the most intelligent and varied society, an abundant fortune, and entire freedom of opinion. She was yet young, comparatively, not having exceeded her fiftieth year, and being of a constitution that promised a long life. In the midst of these advantages, she was surprised by a fatal malady, and after five months of the severest suffering, sunk into the arms of death. Such a catastrophe to such bright hopes; so radiant a genius so unexpectedly quenched; the exuberant spring of so much rich imagery and fine philosophy forever dried up; the centre and soul of so

captivating a society irretrievably gone, were considerations that rushed at once upon all minds and hearts, and gave, in her case, a peculiar solemnity and sadness to the common fate of mortals.

Madame de Stael was born and educated to splendid destinies. Her father, M. Necker, was a farmer-general of immense wealth, and of great talents and knowledge; and her mother was remarkable for the extent of her literary attainments, the strength of her understanding, and the dignity of her character. M. Necker, even when at the head of the finances of France, might still be said to be wrapped in this their only child, who requited his care by an admiration and devotion almost fanatical, and never for an instant interrupted by any of the vicissitudes of his memorable career. At an early age she married a man of rank, the Baron de Stael, ambassador from Sweden to the court of France. Placed thus, by reason of the situation of both father and husband, in the very vortex of the dissipation of the French court, she yet sought and contrived to win the highest distinction in the walks of literature. She had only reached her twentieth year when she published her "Letters upon the works and character of J. J. Rousseau," wherein she displayed, occasionally, powers of composition almost rivaling those of the extraordinary man of whom she treated. Able critics have decided that she presented, in this little volume, a more satisfactory analysis and juster views of the genius and tendency of his writings, than are contained in the many ponderous dissertations to which the controversy on these topics has given birth. She was of opinion that Rousseau had been guilty of suicide, and gave some offence to his worshipers, by bringing together all the circumstances which lead, as we think, irresistibly, to that conclusion. It was over the women of his day that Rousseau had thrown his deepest spell, and it redounds to the credit of Madame de Stael's youthful judgment, that she escaped with something of a moderate degree of enthusiasm for the works of the arch enemy of order and morals. The "Letters upon Rousseau" attracted much attention, and were assailed in several pamphlets, to one of which the fair author replied in a powerful strain of vindication.

In the year 1790, she printed two dramatic effusions in verse, the one a comedy, entitled "Sophia, or Secret Sentiments," the other a tragedy, "The Lady Jane Gray;" both composed two years preceding. In the month of August, 1793, appeared her "Defence of

Marie Antoinette;" that is, two months before the execution of the unhappy queen. We owe a tribute of praise to the generosity of spirit which dictated this production, and to the courage implied in the publication of it at such a period. Madame de Stael had the best opportunities of observing the character of the so much reviled consort of Louis XVI.; she approached her often, and was the less liable to view her with partiality, as the queen would have prevented the return of M. Necker to the ministry, and took no pains to conceal her aversion to the predominance of his counsels. His daughter stood forth fearlessly in her defence, in the hour of danger, and, to the last, asserted her titles to esteem.

The masculine genius with which Madame de Stael was endowed, and the restless activity of her spirit, would have led her to politics, had not even the conjuncture and her domestic relation been such as they were, and the habits of her sex in France conducive to that end. We may conjecture how far they were privileged in the world of business, by the remarks which she makes on the subject in the work last mentioned. "Women of a certain rank used to interfere with everything before the revolution. Their husbands and their brothers were in the practice of employing them on all occasions as applicants to ministers; they could urge a point strongly, with less apparent impropriety; could even outstep the proper limits, without affording an opening to complaint; and all the insinuations, which they knew how to employ, gave them considerable influence over men in office."

Madame de Stael appeared no where in foreign countries as a stranger; at London, as well as at Paris, at Rome and Weymar, she was equally in her element, and naturalized herself at once in the society of the finest intelligences; she was mistress of the principal languages of Europe, and familiar with the literature of Italy, Germany, and England. Her instinctive sagacity pointed, and her enthusiasm kindled, at what was excellent in the literary productions, political institutions, and social habits of the nations which she visited; she celebrated what she admired, according to the gratification afforded to her exquisite tastes and deep sensibility. In Italy, she was all alive to the prodigies of art, to the beauty of the climate, to the fervor of the native genius, and the ease of social intercourse. In Germany, she was captivated by the solidity and simplicity of character, the independence of the literary spirit, the



hardihood of the philosophical theories, the novelty and raciness of the poetical style and imagery. In England, the political institutions were seen by her in their abstract perfection, and contrasted with what she had witnessed and loathed in her own country, of arbitrary rule, and personal insecurity; the purer morals, the sounder sense, the more general information and rational philosophy, the natural dignity and manly tone of the British, made the deepest impression upon her, and accordingly she has, in the third volume of her "Considerations," where she treats at large of England, the air of a determined and interested eulogist. Whatever she undertook to describe, received, moreover, the hues of her own fancy, and was more or less affected in the representation, by her original modes of expression. The kindness of her nature, too, had its influence, and is evidenced by the prodigality of her praises.

It is known that she formed the resolution, at one period, of emigrating to these United States. We heartily wish she had done so, as she was already prepared by her political opinions, to view our institutions with an unclouded and even an affectionate eye.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the interdict of Napoleon against her, was rescinded, and she repaired to Paris, from which no lengths of absence could estrange her affections. It was there that her sympathies had the fullest gratification, and that she triumphed anew, at almost every moment, by her colloquial powers, which, out of France, could not be exercised with the same freedom and effect; although, as we can testify, it was not necessary to be a native of that country, to be sensible of their surpassing versatility and energy. She adhered, under Louis XVIII., to her liberal doctrines in politics and literature, and her dwelling in Paris continued, during the first year of the restoration, to be the headquarters of what was styled the liberal party.

In the midst of the bustle of political revolutions, and the conflict of party-interests, she found leisure to raise a monument to the memory of her father, in the interesting volume entitled "Life of M. Necker." The two last years of her life, she was chiefly employed in preparing for the press, her great work, the "Considerations on the principal events of the French revolution," which has been recently published in three volumes, octavo, by her son and son-in-law. The first and second volumes, and a portion of the third, received her last corrections. The newspapers have given

remarkable accounts, which we do not suppose to be in the least exaggerated, of the avidity with which this posthumous publication has been sought and read in Europe. By her early opportunities, her high connections, and her range of observation, Madame de Stael was especially qualified for passing in review the events, parties, characters, and results of the French revolution; and the knowledge of this adventitious aptitude, independently of her reputation for ability as a writer, served to excite in the European world, a lively curiosity. There is enough, particularly in the two first volumes of the "Considerations," to reward it, and to secure to her a foremost rank among political authors. The investigation with which she sets out, of the causes of the fall of the monarchy, is not so satisfactory to us, as some other inquiries which we have read; and we would cite as the preferable one, in our estimation, that of Senac de Meilhan, whom she unwarily pronounces a superficial writer. But she is eminently successful in describing the first movements, and developing the principles and aims of the early parties of the revolution, preparatively to exhibiting, as she does in firm and speaking profile, the whole series of the revolutionary governments. The last of these, that of Bonaparte, concentrated in the man, being of deeper concern to her and the world, shares, with her father's administration, her most earnest attention and vigorous touches. She will have ample revenge for her personal wrongs, if posterity should decide on the character of Napoleon from her final representations; and in truth, we know of none better entitled to determine its judgment, when we consider the certainty and cogency of the facts, the sagacity of the reasonings, and the soundness of the principles, by which they are supported. If there be, here, some stirrings of passion and private feeling, scarcely anything of the kind is visible in the preceding parts of her work, except, as we have already intimated, in relation to the impeccability of her father's administration. In all the rest, including even the exposition of the state of affairs, and the conduct of parties after the reinstatement of the Bourbons, contained in the third volume, she displays a remarkable degree of impartiality, candor, and calmness of deliberation; so as to leave us under the impression that her "Considerations" are likely to have the most salutary effect, at all times, upon the public mind of France. Her tone, as to the value and indispensableness of free institutions, is uniformly peremptory,

and indicative of the steady elevation and independence of her spirit; and it is impossible for the reader not to be convinced that she was chiefly actuated, in the composition of the work, by the hope of promoting the liberties of France in the first place, and then of the human race. She excels in her historical portraits, which are numerous, and drawn from the life. We have, too, some fine specimens of historical criticism, to which, although it is so commonly attempted, none but an understanding of the highest order, is properly equal. The last six or eight chapters of the third volume, have the objectionable features of a rough draught; but contain a number of those luminous general reflections, which are so thickly sown in the finished portions of the work.

The productions which we have mentioned, do not make up the whole of Madame de Stael's literary labors. She published besides, "Zulma, and three novels, preceded by an essay on Fictions;" "Reflections on Suicide," &c., and contributed the articles—"Aspasia," "Cleopatra," "Camoens," &c., in the *Universal Biography*. Her son proposes to publish a complete edition of her works, in which will be included some inedited pieces, and among these, the fragments of a work begun under the title of "Ten Years of Exile."

While, then, we commemorate admiringly the many excellent qualities of the heart which distinguished Madame de Stael, and class her with the most powerful intelligences and eloquent writers of the age, we find her far less respectable, as she must have found herself, with all her celebrity, and far less happy, for want of delicacy of conduct, than the Mores, the Edgeworths, and the Hamiltons, of Britain, whose lives and writings conspire to strengthen the sacred delicacy of the sex, and to teach the true ends of female ambition.

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THE DEPARTED.

The departed ! the departed !  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories  
Lide shadows over streams ;  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed, the departed,  
Can never more return.

The good, the brave, the beautiful,  
How dreamless is their sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music  
Of the ever-tossing deep !  
Or where the hurrying night-winds  
Pale winter's robes have spread  
Above their narrow palaces,  
In the cities of the dead !

I look around, and feel the awe  
Of one who walks alone  
Among the wrecks of former days,  
In mournful ruin strown !  
I start to hear the stirring sounds  
Among the cypress trees,  
For the voice of the departed  
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with  
Each free and carless strain ;  
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy  
Will cheer my heart again.  
The melody of summer waves,  
The thrilling notes of birds,  
Can never be so dear to me  
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
Still on me sweetly fall ;  
Their tones of love I faintly hear  
My name in sadness call.  
I know that they are happy,  
With their angel-plumage on,  
But my heart is very desolate  
To think that they are gone.



## MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.



For our citizens who reside in the lower part of South Carolina, few are conversant with the many sublime and most romantic scenes which nature displays in the upper parts of the State. Here all that constitutes the romantic, is stretched forth in the wild luxuriance of poetical tracery. While many of them have visited the Falls of Niagara, the Catskill Mountain, or Mount Holyoke, how seldom can they be found seeking among our own striking landscapes, those that will vie with any of the northern ones.

Our Table Mountain, whose weather-beaten front stands out in bold relief, presenting an altitude which for its precipitous rise is seldom surpassed, is well worthy of the attention of travelers. If the views which are observed from its summit were in some more favored country, they would attract the notice of thousands. Imagine for a moment, that you are at the "Cedar Tree," which stands within a few feet of the very brink of this tremendous precipice, at an elevation of some five or six thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic—that your eye at one sweep discerns four different States, commanding an extent of vision of near eighty miles; that the whole earth appears to be unrolled at your feet, then perhaps your first impression may be similar to his who pens these lines, that this was the identical spot for the grand tempter to have chosen as a fit place to have displayed the attractions of his power.

How insignificant and utterly contemptible will the proudest works of man appear to your view, while your soul is absorbed in contemplating the works of God.

"Grandeur, strength, and grace,  
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,  
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem  
Almost annihilated—not a Prince  
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as lofty as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which  
Thy hand has graced him."

It is seldom that those who have cast one glance at the almost illimitable abyss beneath, can again rally sufficient resolution to take another; for such is the effect which it produces, that almost every one is so sensibly affected as to involuntarily shrink back, almost nerveless and helpless. We all form in our minds some idea of objects of which we have heard, and we give them an imaginary shape and size; but here the reality is such, as to dissipate all those reminiscences at once—as in an instant, as it were, eternity itself is presented to your astonished gaze—and you survey a scene, which for some little time you feel incompetent to define, either by limitation or description.

The little Slicking river, as it comes bounding down the almost precipitous sides of an adjacent mountain, appears beautiful, very beautiful; the distance is such, that it looks scarcely larger than the ribbons of our modern belles, while it appears buoyant with life itself, as it dances and springs onward in its merry course, until lost among the surrounding cliffs.

The mountain eagle, as he sails some thousand feet beneath you, has dwindled away to a mere speck in his azure ocean; and the tenements of the hardy yeomanry of the soil, as they are occasionally caught sight of in the distance, occupy so small a space, as to lose almost all trace of identity from the forest in which they are imbedded. Even the clearings of the largest farms, of which near one hundred can be discerned, from this lofty point, look scarcely larger than the palm of one's hand.

Such is a faint outline of the Table Mountain—those who have toiled and once gained its loftiest eminence, will never regret the labor or the time that has been devoted to such an object; they will retain to the last moments of their existence the most vivid recollections of it, their remembrances having been imprinted by nature's self in her own unsophisticated and wildest domains.

An intelligent gentleman, whose travels led him to view the most admired and wonderful works of nature in Europe and America, has remarked, that he thought it richly worth a voyage across the Atlantic, to gain the views from the mountains of Pendleton. Greenville, Spartanburg, and many other parts of our interior, possess all that is picturesque, all that can give a charm to romantic and sylvan scenery.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant, when our mountain heights, with their dells and lovely prairie bottoms, will be brought more into notice ; when at least a large part of that money which is spent abroad, will be circulated among our frank-hearted mountaineers. Then we shall have better houses of accommodation and better roads ; then will the lights of education be more generally disseminated in the country. In a word, art will then hasten to facilitate an acquaintance with nature.

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### SPRING.



O the lovers of nature every season has its charms. The summer is the high noon of the year ; the autumn its sober decline ; the winter its night of gloom, while the spring is the fresh morning, the day-dawn of the annual circle.

We hazard no truth in saying, that each season has its peculiar associations of thought—its alliances of matter to mind. Thus, although man and his mind may be the same, unchanged by the revolutions of time, the phases of his soul may be as various in the eye of the philosopher as those of the moon to the spectator who contemplates her disk under the changes of relative position. The mind that is impressed with unaccountable gloom and forebodings in the sober time of autumn, may be light as the wings of the gossamer in the vernal season. Soaring then through the soft clouds and alternate smiles and tears of an April day, it may feel a joy as unaccountable as its former depression.

But, without reference to mental associations, the physical or natural renovations of the spring season are subjects of wonder and astonishment. Like some huge animal, torpid under the blasts and snows of winter, the earth seems to undergo the process of resuscitation as well as revivification. To carry the similitude still further, the perspiration, long suspended, now breaks out through millions of opening pores. Warm vapors and tepid exhalations creep over



the beating and throbbing bosom of the soil. The internal channels of the subterranean oceans, like the great arteries of the human body, roll their flooding waters with a roar that mingles undistinguishably with the general voice of nature, and makes up that vast discourse which fills the listening ear of solitude. The newly-released rivers and murmuring brooks flow like the venous system of the human frame, leaping and playful in the fresh exuberance of life. The soft blue skies, the white fleecy clouds, the genial suns, and the love-beaming stars at night—all speak in answering language; above and below and around alike are teeming with beauty and images of pleasure.

The spring is an emblem of a better world. The general restoration of grass, and herb, and foilage, and flowers, is typical of the springtime that shall breathe fertility and life into the pale regions of the dead. Now our beloved—although memory cherishes departed friends—are too deeply asleep to hear the voice of the vernal birds carolling on the green bough. The sweet-breathed winds cannot fan those heads that are pillowed soundly upon the grave. The beautiful and the pious, the learned and the brave, are chilled by the winter of death that has not broken up for six thousand years. When shall their springtime of immortality come? When shall the frozen veins of death flow with the crimson currents, and when shall the century-frosted heart palpitate with returning vitality?

Aside from the grandeur and beauty of the vernal months, their comforting and grateful influences on natural organization and on the state of the poor are worthy of attention and merit our gratitude. The winter is an enemy to poverty; spring comes as a friend. The blood no longer curdles under the bitter blast. If poverty and want be in the hut or the cottage, the plenty and rejoicing of nature are all without.

Standing at the calm evening hour, or in the morning's lovely prime, on some grass-carpeted eminence, the man of no possessions, save the priceless treasures of an humble, and repentant, and admiring heart, may look abroad on all the fragrance and richness of the scenery around him, and exclaim with Goldsmith—

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

## PERSONAL BEAUTY A TALENT.



HY is not the image of personal beauty more frequently associated in our minds with the idea of great talents or great virtues? Surely there cannot be anything in a pretty face, a handsome countenance or a graceful figure, inimical to either mental or moral superiority. On the contrary, some of the handsomest men, some of the most beautiful women, have been both very great and very good. And if instances of the kind are exceedingly rare, it is not because beauties are born with less healthy brains or more depraved hearts than usually fall to the lot of plainer people. Why, then, do superior minds, after the folly of youth is somewhat abated, and observation and experience have done their work, so uniformly regard mere physical comeliness with indifference, not to say contempt?

We venture to suggest an answer. Persons possessed of an uncommon share of what is usually considered beauty, do not always—perhaps not often—possess the mental and moral force necessary to meet the liabilities of such charms. Beauty is noticed in the child and in the youth, before the nobler attractions of mind and heart become obvious; the youth sees that it elicits smiles, and conciliates, first good-will, and then a measure of homage. She sees that stronger and better characters than herself drop into the background in every circle where they meet. The first effect of this discovery is to make her vain of her advantage; the second, to make her rely upon it. The former result provokes the irrepressible disgust of every sensible observer, while the latter destroys all hope of her acquiring any higher excellence. And, as other minds pass her, and other hearts rise above her, she subsides into a mere thing to be looked at, or rather overlooked and—despised. Her charms, instead of mitigating, actually increase the disrespect with which she is regarded.

Yet bodily beauty is not meant to be a snare, much less the object of indifference and contempt, even among superior minds. Its enormous influence for good, when worthily possessed, shows that it was designed to be a great and useful talent. Indeed, sanctified

beauty—beauty consecrated to high and holy uses—is one of the most enviable gifts a mortal can possess.

This is a most serious subject: let us consider it seriously. When a nearly grown girl is acquiring the usual accomplishments, when she is protecting and educating her figure, complexion, countenance, upon what are her thoughts of the future running? Hers, most likely, upon becoming a beauty; her mother's, (possibly?) upon an eligible marriage arrangement. By-and-by she adds her mother's anticipations to her own. Thoughts of society, and style, and position, where her beauty shall be the envy of her own sex and the admiration of the other, lift her head, and flush her cheek, and curl her lip. But does she ever think of becoming a ministering angel, where the ministry of an angel is needed? Does she ever mean to ply her cunning fingers in the service of the perishing heathen, or study the application of her charms to the service of God and humanity? Has she ever fancied; while marking the gradual development of her womanly beauty, how it might be made to smile away the gloom from some hovel of misery, or shed its lustre along the pathway of piety?

Beautiful women have had such thoughts. Esther had them; and to this hour, in all our hearts, there she stands, gracefully, prayerfully, "in the inner court of the king's house," and with the main strength of her queenly beauty saving the lives of her whole despised and down-trodden nation. To our mind there is something exquisitely affecting in the supposition that she may have spent anxious hours preparing for her heroic venture, asking the blessing of the God of Sarah upon every tint and line and expression of her face and form.

Elizabeth Fry considered these things; and who ever thinks of the majestic Quakeress, moving about amid the moral corruption and death of Newgate, shedding purity and life wherever she went, without feeling what a mercy it is to the Blessingtons, and Guicciolis, and Sandses, and Eugenie's, that her presence in the heart will not admit them to a comparison which would show how deep a discredit they are to their sex.

At the very time, if we mistake not, when an immodest foreign *danseuse* was being drawn in her carriage about the streets of an American city by young men apparently unfit for better employment, Miss Dix, an elegant woman of fortune, neither desiring nor



receiving popular praise, was quietly threading the dark wards of prisons and mad-houses; moving about with a prayerfully premeditated grace where men feared to go; breathing her sweet spirit upon souls unused to purity; melting the obdurate hearts of felons into penitence, and, by a simple hymn or simple prayer, soothing maniacs into rational tears.

But the power of this gift, when worthily employed, is not confined to the wretched creatures who have, perhaps, but one opportunity in a life-time to see it displayed; it is felt everywhere, by all sorts of men. It will excite bravery to hazards where glory would be no inducement. More desperate courage was perhaps never seen in the East than that which struggled and died between Zenobia and her invaders. While Mary, Queen of Scots, was supposed to be a pure and persecuted woman, her very appearance before her soldiers, as she looked out upon them, with her auburn tresses hanging in disorder about her beautiful face, then pale with agitation, excited a gallantry as magnificent as the promise of a crown to each of them could have inspired.

We have named some women who seemed to have comprehended and respected the true purpose of their beauty. But oh, what rare exceptions are they to the general rule! Yet they but did their duty as God requires us all to do our duty. The eloquent preacher is not more certainly responsible to God for his gift of eloquence, the logician for his acumen, the scholar for his learning, the man of fortune for his wealth, than is the beauty for her loveliness. And the imminence of her exposure to final ruin can scarcely be placed in a stronger light than is thrown upon it by the fact that she is almost deaf to exhortation. The terms by which you must designate her will excite more of vanity than the warning will of fear.

Oh, why should this gift be so sadly abused? Why should it not always assert its benign prerogative; and instead of consenting to be degraded into the mere toy of the weak and the vicious, enter upon its charming mission of scattering light and shedding perfume over the world, like the rest of God's sunbeams and flowers?



## TRUE HAPPINESS NOT OF EARTH.



THE footprints of sorrow were unknown to the soil of Paradise. Everything that was conducive to happiness was there. Flowers of richest hues and fragrance blossomed, not to fade, beneath the blighting touch of Autumn frosts, but to sweeten with their balmy breath an atmosphere of perpetual Spring; trees of most perfect symmetry and beauty were laden with fruits of every flavor; the warbling birds never forsook their abode to shun the piercing blasts of Wintry winds, and the storm-king never marshalled his fierce and muttering hosts across its azure sky. But had this been all, man's happiness would have been incomplete. God, when He gave him being, implanted in his breast desires that mere earthly comforts and joys could never satisfy. But in the close communion he held with his Creator, whose love was penciled on the smallest flower that adorned his Eden home, he possessed a perennial fountain of joy.

Fain would we here lay down the pencil and leave the picture bathed in sunlight; but truth requires that it be touched by darkest shades. Sin, the parent of sorrow, entered the gates of Paradise, and, beneath its blighting frosts, happiness dropped her snowy petals, to unfold them in perfect loveliness on earth no more. It is true, joys may be gathered from the world, but, like her frail yet beautiful flowers, they soon lose their fragrance. But man, refusing to learn wisdom from the experience of others, is still engaged in the vain pursuit of earthly happiness. From the desolate regions of eternal ice, to those of perpetual Spring; on the rugged mountain top and in the vales; on old Ocean's briny waves, and amid the burning desert sands, he eagerly pursues every phantom that promises happiness; and when one and another vanishes as he grasps it, with the mocking words—"vanity of vanities"—with eager haste he turns to follow still another.

Many spend years in toilsome endeavors to gain wealth or scale the dizzy heights of Fame; and when success at length crowns their

efforts, it is in vain they trust to the gilded toys of the one or the laurels of the other for happiness.

And, though Pleasure's voice be soft; though her fountains be sparkling, and her grounds be one rich and varied parterre, O believe not that her voice will never cease to charm; that the "bitter drop" is not to be found in every cup her votary drains, or that in all her gardens is to be found *one* thornless rose!

Knowledge throws open her numberless gates and bids mankind seek happiness in learning. Multitudes hear her inviting voice, and from early youth they tread her walks.

But certainly within the quiet and retirement of home, where love, hope, and peace united reign, happiness may bloom. Alas! there is no spot too retired or too sacred for Sorrow's invading feet. "The dark-winged messenger" visits every household, and Love's golden chain is weak to resist his attacks; earthly hopes wither at his approach; the voice of mirth is silenced, and Sorrow's pall-like shadow obscures the bright smile of the Angel of Peace.

Then it is mournfully true that Happiness is too pure and delicate a plant to blossom in the foul atmosphere of earth.

Life is a series of disappointments, from the very days of infancy, when with eager haste we try in vain to catch the golden sunbeams on the carpet, till our days are told; the irrevocable sentence is pronounced—"cut him down"—and the reaper, Death, faithfully performs his task.

And are all the bright hopes that gild the path of life to fade at the touch of Death? Ah! no; as other hopes decline there is one that gathers new lustre, dispels the darkness of the tomb, and reveals to us that it is but the passage-way to that "land of pure delight" where man more than regains what he lost in Paradise. There, beside the crystal waters of that "pure river," Happiness matures her luscious fruits. Within the walls of the New Jerusalem is fullness of joy. At God's right hand there are pleasures forevermore. The fountain of tears is sealed: sorrow is unknown, and the wailing of fond hearts, refusing to be comforted because loved ones "are not," is a sound that never mingles with the notes of the heavenly choir.

The pathway to this blissful clime lies through this world of ours; and along it are sown the seeds of happiness. They rise slow and bud, but ne'er were known to blossom here. The mock-happiness

plants of earth may be luxuriant, and their blossoms snowy, but be not deceived thereby.

“True happiness is not the growth of earth,  
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there.  
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,  
And never blooms but in celestial air.”

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### THE HOLY DEAD.

They dread no storm that lowers,  
No perished joys bewail;  
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,  
Nor drink of streams that fail:  
There is no tear-drop in their eye,  
No change upon their brow;  
Their placid bosom heaves no sigh,  
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blessed?  
From whom hath sorrow fled?  
Who share such deep, unbroken rest?  
Where all things toil? *The dead!*  
The holy dead. Why weep ye so  
Above yon sable bier?  
Thrice blessed! they have done with woe,  
The living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,  
Deck their low couch of clay  
With earliest spring's soft breathing flowers;  
And when they fade away,  
Think of the amaranthine wreath,  
The garlands never dim,  
And tell me why thou fly'st from death,  
Or hid'st thy friends from him.

We dream, but they awake;  
Dread visions mar our rest;  
Through thorns and snares our way we take,  
And yet we mourn the blest!  
For spirits round the Eternal Throne  
How vain the tears we shed!  
They are the living, they alone,  
Whom thus we call *the dead*.

## FAME.

High on the crimson car of fame  
I saw the victor ride,  
He came from far through flood and flame,  
In all the pomp of pride ;  
And loud the war-trump pierced the skies,  
All hail ! the conqueror comes !  
From every hill let shouts arise,  
And sound, ye doubling drums.

The crimson crown the conqueror wore  
Waved o'er the warrior's head ;  
But his right arm was red with gore  
A hundred hearts had shed :  
A hundred hills in echoes rang  
O'er ocean's sounding surge :  
A hundred harps awoke and sang  
Of Europe's dreadful scourge.

They sang the fame of him whose scroll  
A tide of tears had wet ;  
They sang the fame of him whose soul  
Had oft in murder met,  
And oft had spread dark midnight o'er  
The weeping widow's mind,  
And wrote her grief with gushing gore,  
Dread vampire of mankind.

Not so with him who wore the plume  
When fair Columbia bled ;  
The sun that set on Vernon's tomb  
Smiled on the mighty dead :  
The blood that dyed Columbia's land  
Was paid for liberty—  
The great, the good, and glorious band,  
The western world set free.

The scroll of him who sleeps in earth,  
Gave liberty a name :  
And virtue's heroes then had birth,  
And virtuous valour fame.  
Gore gush'd through many a hundred veins  
On that immortal morn :  
Great God ! 'twas then were rent the chains  
Of millions yet unborn.



## Department of the Chemesian Society.

### THE POETRY OF GIRLHOOD.



S the age of poetry, in the history of nations, ha always preceded that of analysis, of skepticism, and of philosophy, so does it precede it in human life. Men and nations come from the hand of the Creator, fresh, trusting, beautiful; the dews of heaven still upon the brow; its fragrant airs still playing about the temples; its light still beaming in the eye. This is the age of poetry. To the dew succeed drops of toil-sweat; the morning breezes die as the hot sun mounts the meridian; and doubt quenches the heavenly beam. This is the age of criticism and skepticism.

There are individuals so unfortunate as to have no age of poetry; who come into the world doubting, wearied, untrustful. It has been said of Louis XIV. that he was born *blasé*! A poetic temperament must be one of faith. I envy not that child who does not expect to find a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, or who has not a profound confidence in the virtues of Aladdin's lamp.

This trusting nature, so intimately connected with the poetic, or, rather, forming an ingredient of it, may account for much of the unhappiness suffered by persons of genius. The stronghold of faith in which they have entrenched themselves, is a thousand times battered down; but a thousand times imagination repairs the breeches, filling up, to use the beautiful thought of Jean Paul, like the oyster, the fractured places of her habitation with pearls.

Since God has made woman more dependent than man, He has mercifully made her more confiding. Byron tells us that when man is disappointed in love, he has various resources—the honors of war, the intrigues of court, the bustle of business, the pleasures of travel: woman has but one—"to love again."

When Mohammed had his angelic visions and his heavenly revelations, while men sneered at the arch impostor, his wife became his

first disciple; and her faith was his augury of success; her voice sounded the key-note to that shout which resounded throughout the East: "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

How truly does Burns depict the tenacity with which woman clings to this poetic trait of her nature, this loving trust:

"But O! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
Flow still between us, thou wide, roaring main;  
May I never see it; may I never trow it;  
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain."

This faith could scarcely spring from an impure nature; so that wherever we see the plant, we may know the soil which has produced it. She can experience nothing of the poetry of girlhood who does not, like the lady in Comus, walk amidst the foul shapes of earth, shielded by her own pure thoughts. Like quicksilver, the poetic mind unites most readily with that which is most precious.

There are minds which, looking with contempt upon the poetry of early life, pride themselves upon being what the world calls "knowing;" upon being able to trace, by its loathsome slime, the sinuosities of the serpent, Sin. So might the fallen Eve have looked disdainfully upon the unfallen Eve that wandered guileless among the bowers of Paradise. There can be no question that she learned more from her talk with the Devil than in all the discourses she had held in the shady walks of that blessed garden with the shining angels of God; but this knowledge

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

It is true of poetry, what was fabled of the bird of paradise—that the glowing hues which she displays while floating in ether, all vanish as she touches the earth. Purity is the soul, as it were, of poetry; and in purity is comprehended all that one knows of sincerity and of truthfulness. I have seen the word sincerity derived, by some learned person, from two words which mean "without wax"—the pure honey, as it is drawn by the bee from the lily and from the rose, unmixed with any grosser element. One thinks of it thus; a river of honey, flowing from the soul in words, and looks, and actions. It was a kindred idea which suggested to the writer of the fairy story which has so delighted us all in childhood, the vipers and toads falling from the lips of one sister, and the pearls, and rubies, and diamonds from those of the other. One can scarcely

calculate how much St. Paul contributed to the cultivation of poetic feeling by his injunction; "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." But the heart must send forth such streams as flow into it. If it be filled from that "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," such are the streams that will issue from it; and if it be filled from the black, sulphurous waves of Acheron, such will be the desolating tide that gushes out.

But though the young heart be pure and believing, if it have not a delicate sense of beauty, if it have not a just appreciation of the glories of nature and the excellences of art, life rises not into the dignity of a poem. A man may be honest and upright, uncontaminated by the vices of the world, resting in an unwavering faith, and yet it may be that

"A primrose by the river brim,  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more."

To him there are no "sermons in stones," no "books in the running brooks," no spirit in the flowers, nor naiads in the fountains, nor dryads in the woods; no Kuhleborn nods to him his white plume through the forest, and no laughing Undine dashes showers of water in his face; he is never, like Tam O'Shanter, pursued by troops of graveyard ghosts, hard upon the heels of his "gray mare, Meg;" no Ancient Mariner's eye holds him enthralled; no clouds at evening pile up for him their castellated peaks, nor flaunt their crimson banners from the battlements, nor marshal forth their knights on gallant chargers, nor dispose themselves into gorgeous cities, like far-off Jerusalems coming down from heaven, nor show to him, in their ocean of blue, the golden islands of the blest. They are to him but vapor and smoke. No dark or violet eye reveals to such a soul a life-history of love or of suffering, and incomprehensible would be to him the gude-wife's exclamation:

"His very step has music in 't,  
As he comes up the stair."

To him the imaginings of Milton, or Dante, or Shakspeare, are inferior to an essay on the tariff.

The influences of beauty must flow into the heart from every side, or life is, after all, the merest prose tale.



But the poetry of life grows more poetic when Love comes down, as an angel, to trouble the waters. Then the fair lake is broken into a thousand mimic mirrors, and contains within its bosom the vine-clad mountains and the peaceful villages of earth, and all the stars of heaven: a sympathy is established between the soul and nature.

Reason is calm, and Philosophy is unmoved, and Passion is outrageous; but Poetry is tremulous, vibrating ever to its pole in heaven. The poetic, loving soul goes forth and seeks objects on which it may lavish its riches. It stoops to the little plant, and waters its curling leaves, and supports the drooping head of its floweret. It speaks to the tethered lamb, and says:

“Rest, little young one, rest: what is ’t that aileth thee?”

To the desponding wretch, submerged in crime, it reaches out the spotless helping hand of pity; to the sorrowing, it breathes words of consolation; and the suffering virtuous it bears aloft, as Diana bore the daughter of Agamemnon, to inaccessible heights, which no sacrificing priest with bloody knife may reach.

But when the soul, filled with the enthusiasm of youth, finds its counterpart—another human soul that can enter into its aspirations, that can meet its sympathies, that can understand, untold, its unearthly longings, its heaven-born conceptions; that can reach forth, with it, arms which strive to grasp the unattainable; and that can lift up a voice, in unison with its own, crying aloud through imperfection for perfection; struggling, with it, amidst the corruptions which surround us, as undaunted as Maxentius amidst the turbid waves of the Tiber—then does life become a beautiful poem, and the spirit of poesy hovers around and weaves her gayest garlands for the victors.

Yet there is a higher effort of poetry and of love, when the hopes of youth and the dreams of life, when its joys and its blessedness, nay, higher still, when its sufferings and its agonies, when its chagrins and its mortifications, when its sighs and its bitter tears, when its untold anguish, that lies deep in the heart, beyond the reach of human ken, are all brought, in the spirit of submission to the perfect law, and laid at the feet of the Eternal; then has poetry led us to the most exalted heights of her flowery mountains, and the soul reposes far above the dust and confusion, the fogs and the vapors of earth.



## INCIDENTS.



It is an authentic fact that during the terrible massacre in Paris, in which many eminent Christians were cruelly killed, the celebrated preacher Peter Moulin, was preserved for further usefulness to the cause of the Gospel in a most remarkable manner. He crept into a brick oven to conceal himself, but had little hope of remaining undiscovered in the ferreting search for slaughter that was carried on. In the kind providence of God, a spider immediately crawled to the opening of the good man's retreat, and wove a web across it. The dust blew upon the airy screen and made it dingy; so that the place appeared long unfrequented. The enemies of the Christians soon passed by, and one of them carelessly remarked, "No one could have been in that oven for several days!"

What a touching idea does this incident give of our Father's protecting love for his children!

An anecdote similar in character is related of Mr. Churchill, a native of England, who had taken up his abode in India, about two miles from Vizagaptan. Soon after sunset, on one occasion, while he was sitting in his dwelling, of which the outer door was thrown open, meditating with deep sorrow upon the recent loss of his wife, and the helplessness of his little children, who were lying asleep near him, he was suddenly thrilled with terror to see a monstrous tiger cross the threshold of his house, and enter the room, with glaring eyes and a ferocious howl. But the animal caught sight of his full-sized image reflected in a large mirror opposite the door, and rushing at it with all his fury, breaking it into a thousand fragments, he suddenly turned and fled from the spot. Thus providentially did God preserve two little children and their father from the jaws of a wild beast!

Less thrilling, but not less remarkable, is the incident related in the following epitaph, which is copied from a tomb near Port Royal, in the isle of Jamaica:

"Here lieth the body of Louis Calda, a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He

was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred in this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterward."

It is said of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, who had many friends and many enemies, that it was his frequent custom, while in his own house, to sit at the head of a table with his back to the window. On one evening, however, he would not take his usual seat, and gave a positive command that no one of his family should occupy it. He took another chair in a different part of the room, and shortly afterward a gun was fired, the bullet of which passed through the favorite window, grazed the top of his vacant seat, and shattered the candlestick that stood upon his table! This is not the only wonderful escape he had from his malicious and determined foes.

In the Bartholomew massacre, at the order of the King of France, the Admiral de Coligny was put to death in his own house. His chaplain, the pious Merlin, fled from the murderers, who designed also to take his life, and hid himself in a loft of hay. After the days of blood were over, and the Protestants were suffered to keep their lives and their religion, a Synod was convened, of which he was the moderator. In this assembly, when it was stated that many who had taken refuge in similar retreats perished from starvation, he was asked how he contrived to keep himself alive. He replied—giving thanks to God while he said it—that a hen laid an egg every day during his concealment, in a nest so near to him that he could reach it with his hand.

The celebrated Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," related that he knew a sea captain named Stevens, of Harwich, England, who was once, by a wonderful providence, preserved from drowning, together with all his crew. While on a homeward passage from Holland, the vessel sprang a leak, and the water gained in the hold so rapidly that, in spite of the pumps, which were worked with the energy of despair, all on board soon gave themselves up for lost. Suddenly, however, and to the surprise of all, the water ceased to gain in depth, and the pumps being again plied, the ship safely reached her harbor. After her arrival, it was discovered, on examination, that the body of a fish had become so firmly wedged in the

leak that it could with difficulty be taken out whole! It is but of little consequence, though it is an established fact, that the fish was preserved in alcohol, and kept as a curiosity in the family of Captain Stevens.

In view of these striking instances of Divine providence, how can we think of our Father in heaven and not be touched with the thought of that tender love which leads him to take such wonderful care of his children? Truly, we may "cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us."

### A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.



HATS the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house.

Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There; do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks; always six weeks; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow! They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; who, indeed, but their father.



But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh! yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow; you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in bucketfulls, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence, at least. Sixteen pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold; it always does; but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy, to please you, or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold:—indeed, I might as well be a slave at once; better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow! How am I to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell; but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella; no; and you shan't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for



other people to laugh at you! Oh! it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt, for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all;—because we've no umbrella. The children, too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure! But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they shouldn't; (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel!) they *shall* go to school: mark that! and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I DIDN'T LEND THE UMBRELLA.

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### WINTER.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scattered hair with sleet, like ashes, filled;  
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fringed with a beard, made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds;  
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slippery way!  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art.

## DRAWING.



ESPECTING this art, let us first notice a very common error, which is, that success in the cultivation of it requires a peculiar gift or talent; and that where this talent exists, it will, unaided, make itself known; and that, unless decided evidence be given of the possession of the gift, it is useless to attempt to cultivate it.

This is all a mistake. If drawing were taught as a regular branch of education, it would average a creditable degree of attainment, besides developing a more general taste or fondness for it than would be manifested for any other branch of study.

But supposing a pupil do not manifest a taste or desire to learn to draw: this is really no more a reason why that pupil should not be taught, than a dislike of grammar or arithmetic would be for omitting those branches of education. A disinclination for any particular pursuit arises sometimes from a dormant state of the faculties which would be called into exercise by the contemned study; and if that very study were pursued, it would act as a wholesome medicine, stimulating just that part of the mental machinery most needed.

In the various branches of scientific instruction, we accept the dictum of professors, and there is sound reason for doing so; for who can be so well prepared to judge of the nature and tendency of a given pursuit as those who devote their lives to its elucidation? Shall we not, then, receive with a degree of respect the opinion of those who have made art their especial study?

Chapman, a talented American artist, who has resided for many years in Rome, says, "Every person who can learn to write can learn to draw." Ruskin, the nineteenth century's great exponent of art, says: "Of talent for drawing, there are many degrees; but I have never yet, in the experiments I have made, met with a person who could not learn to draw at all; and in general there is a satisfactory and available power in every one to learn drawing if he wishes, just as nearly all persons have the power of learning Latin or arithmetic in a decent and useful degree." Sir Joshua Reynolds

believed that every man might make an artist; and individual testimony on this point might be multiplied, if it were necessary, and if the limits assigned this article would allow.

The English Government shows its estimate of drawing as a branch of scholastic education, by introducing it into all the parochial schools; furnishing models and teachers at the expense of Government, if necessary. The French Government has long sustained schools of design, or drawing-schools, for the benefit of the people. A school in Paris has, besides daily classes, nightly sessions for the instruction of artisans' apprentices; and Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, of world-wide reputation as an artist, is the head-directress of a female school of design. These institutions are not only intended to foster talent which may be turned to account, but to give the common people an elemental knowledge of art. Such a knowledge these Governments show by their acts that they consider of general benefit, and not to be left for the few only who are by nature highly gifted. In the Continental universities, drawing is taught as a branch of elemental education, as much as writing.

Let us notice, as bearing directly on this point, the instinctive desire which children manifest to draw. Almost every parent will have observed how pleased the little ones are with a slate, or pencil and paper, and how they crow over their crude representations of skeleton men and women, and impossible houses, and anomalous animals. How the mother's and perhaps father's sympathy and appreciation is sought for these specimens of juvenile talent! What becomes of this instinctive and universal desire to make pictorial representations? Instead of being fostered and cultivated, it is killed and buried from sight by the usual course of scholastic training. Alas! how many of us carry in our hearts the graves of good and true childish instincts and impulses!

I have no doubt that, in a system of education calculated to develop harmoniously the whole mental and spiritual being, the elements of drawing should be commenced at an early age. When children commence learning to read or write, supply them with a few good outline prints, and encourage them to copy them, giving judicious praise where accuracy and neatness are *attempted*, and we shall soon see whether a talent is necessary to learn drawing. I have been surprised and delighted at the accuracy and facility with which children, from seven to twelve years of age, will render an



outline of some natural object, as a bowl, cup, or tumbler, after, of course, some explanation and practice in elementary lines. (If any one doubt whether this be a work of some difficulty, let him try to outline correctly the simplest and most familiar objects by which we are surrounded.) Commencing early, let it be pursued continuously on, giving it a share of attention. No undue prominence over the other studies is asked.

It is a great error in most of our institutions for the education of girls, that drawing is not taken hold of till near the graduating period, when an attempt is made to do, in the most superficial and shallow manner, that which only ministers to the pride and vanity of the doer and to the ignorance of observers.

True art is a union of the hand, head, and heart. The hand, a machine of the most exquisitely delicate character, which no mechanism of man's construction will ever equal, though unrivalled as an instrument, can do nothing without the head to plan and overlook its work, to guide and control it, as the engineer does the engine; but the heart must supply the motive-power, the spirit, the life. It is the heart that stamps the work as Christian or pagan. Art does not exist without this union, and shall we substitute for it the merest shadow and mockery?

The extent to which we would urge drawing, as a branch of popular education, is this: Each pupil, of either sex, should have an opportunity to acquire such training of the eye and such control of the hand as would enable them to make a clear record of any object in nature, either to assist their own memory, or to convey distinct ideas to others. Some things can only be understood by a drawing, while many things can be made much clearer thereby; and it is undoubtedly true that many useful inventions and many beautiful imaginations have been lost to the world for the want of this ability. A knowledge of the principles of art, with some practice therein, will enable any pupil to delineate correctly natural objects, representing their form, and relieving the flat surface of the outline drawing by the effect of light and shade.

To this extent I contend that all should be educated; beyond this, into the wide region of fine art, let those enter who have time, means, and inclination, the amateur and professional student.



## LANDSCAPE BEAUTY.



It is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original; nor is it much more difficult to conceive, how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family; and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows with grazing and ruminating cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well fenced, well cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique churches, with church-yard elms, and crossing hedgerows—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather.

There is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colors and forms; for colors more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind: but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections; in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and peaceful and cheerful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life; in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty which it exhibits to every eye; and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum.

At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the true object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he

inhabits ; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that repose in the valley, or even with the *living* plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

Instead of this quiet and tame *English* landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here, we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with castled promontories—ample solitudes of unplowed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract.

This, too, is beautiful, and to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and the suggestion of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colors that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colors of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty ; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections.

The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity ; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, “from towns and toils remote,” and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, and at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals : then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the mighty cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base, and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the

scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of the actual life of their descendants—their wild and enthusiastic poetry—their gloomy superstitions—their attachment to their chiefs—the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter.

Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, the gulfy torrents of the land; and the solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition; while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.

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### WHAT COQUETRY DID.



EAR the city of M—— lived Augustus and Lizzie, each the child of respectable parents, who were well to do in the world. Both were, at the time I speak of, members of the Church. Augustus had been, previous to joining the Church, a reckless and dissipated youth; Lizzie, a gay, pleasure-loving young lady. But both were now, as I have said, in the Church, and in the enjoyment of religion. They were sincerely attached to each other, and an engagement of marriage, to be consummated at a distant day, existed between them. Augustus was of an ardent temperament, and, as I believe is usual with such persons, remarkably sensitive. Lizzie, though really of an affectionate disposition, was sometimes given to coquettish manners. She loved Augustus truly; but, unfortunately, was occasionally disposed to *tease* him, by putting on an appearance of



coldness and indifference towards him, even in their most confidential interviews. And when he sometimes asked for and insisted upon an explanation, she continued to the very last moment to make a show of her counterfeited indifference, till he rose, with feelings akin to distraction, to take his final leave of her; when she would laugh at him, rally him on his want of affection, and in the end give him, for the time, satisfactory assurances of her love; and, as likely as not, when he departed, bid him "Good evening or morning, Sir," in a tone of feigned but most provoking coldness.

Occurrences of this sort were frequent. Poor Augustus! he was sadly perplexed. The question often recurred, and as often failed to be satisfactorily answered: "When is she in earnest—when she professes to love me, or when her manners and tone would indicate dislike?" So powerfully did it affect his sensitive nature, that, step by step, he descended from his steadfastness, until his habits of intemperance, which himself and friends had fondly hoped were cast off for ever, fastened upon him again with tenfold strength. Then her family and friends persuaded her to break her engagement with the unfortunate young man. And had not God, in answer to the prayers of a pious mother and a host of deeply interested friends, snatched him the second time as a "brand from the burning," he would certainly have filled a drunkard's, perhaps a suicide's grave, and that much-loved but cruel girl have been the cause!

About this period of their history, Augustus removed to a distant State, where he now resides, a respected and successful minister of the gospel. What has become of Lizzie I know not; but it is to be hoped that if she is dead, she repented of this cruel wrong; and if living, and unrepentant, she will do so ere she dies, for the end of the mischief she did "is not yet." Though Augustus has recovered from the severity of the suffering caused by her conduct, yet it is still a gnawing worm at his heart. Fain would he forget her, but that is impossible: the image of that once-loved object is frequently with him in his waking and in his sleeping dreams. And who can think that the memories called up by such visions can be pleasant to him? That Lizzie also suffered there can be no doubt; for, as I have said, she loved him, and the sundering of such ties under any circumstances cannot but be attended with painful emotions, perhaps life-enduring.



## WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING.

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Farewell, O ye loved ones of earth!

For my body the dark grave is yawning;

But the sunset foreshadows its birth—

We'll all meet again in the morning!

Weep not that I go to repose,

For short is the watch till the dawning;

And ye know, when your vigils shall close,

We'll all meet again in the morning!

I have caught just a glimpse of the light,

The walls of the city adorning;

But the earth-shadow darkens my sight—

Farewell! we will meet in the morning!

When the trumpet shall pour its last sound,

And the universe echo the warning,

And the sleepers arise from the ground,

We shall all meet again in the morning.

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THE WAVE.

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From off a gray and mossy rock,

Upon the surging sea,

A little flower bent timidly

Her blue and loving e'e.

A wild and rushing wave leaped up,

With love's impetuous fire:

'Twas but to dash against the rock,

And, sinking, to expire!

But O, sweet joy! upon his breast,

Amid the dashing tide,

He bore, in clinging loveliness,

The flower for which he died!

# Mecklenburg Female College,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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## SESSIONS AND CHARGES.

The Collegiate year consists of ten scholastic months. There are Two Sessions of twenty weeks each.

The Fall Session commenced October 1st, 1867. The Spring Session will commence at the expiration of the Fall Session, February 17th, 1868, and will end July 9th, Commencement Day.

CHARGES—Payable in United States currency; one half in advance, and the residue at the expiration of one half of the Session.

## PER SESSION.

Board and Tuition in the Regular Collegiate Course, with fuel, lights, and contingent fee..... \$103 00

Deduction made for cash, if payment be made entire in advance.

|                                                     |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Music on Piano or Guitar.....                       | 25 00 |
| Use of Piano.....                                   | 5 00  |
| Drawing.....                                        | 13 00 |
| Painting in Oil.....                                | 25 00 |
| French, German, Italian, Latin, or Greek, each..... | 12 50 |

Other extras at low rates.

Washing at Laundress' rates.

Books and Stationery furnished in the Institution, for cash.

Each pupil will furnish one pair of sheets and pillow-cases, and a supply of table napkins.

## REMARKS.

During the year, embracing a part of 1867 and 1868, one hundred and forty-three pupils, from several States, have been enrolled.

THE FACULTY is complete, and is composed of able and accomplished Teachers.

## BUILDINGS, LOCATION, ETC.

The magnificent College building is, perhaps, the largest edifice devoted to female education in the Southern States, it being sufficient for the accommodation of at least three hundred resident pupils. The rooms are large, well furnished, and well ventilated, affording the inmates a view of both the rising and the setting sun.

The Study-hall is furnished with Desks of the most approved style.

The grounds are delightfully shaded with native oaks. They comprise an area of more than twenty acres, sixteen of which are within the enclosure. Ample space is thus afforded for recreation and exercise. The water is pure and cold.

Charlotte is one of the most healthy, pleasant, and flourishing cities in the South—a very important centre of intelligence, refinement and commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

## BOARDING.

The boarding department is under the immediate supervision of the President and his wife, who reside in the College building, and give their personal attention to the physical comfort of the young ladies, whether in sickness or in health. Pupils are regarded as members of *the family*, and the aim is to give them in the College a pleasant *home*.

## GYMNASIUM, ETC.

We call special attention to our GYMNASIUM, a spacious brick building, in rear of the College, where, on the European plan, the young ladies exercise the arms and chest by rolling huge balls, jumping ropes, throwing circular hoops, and engaging in many other kinds of Calisthenic exercises. We confidently believe that these health-giving diversions will gladden the hearts of our patrons, by preventing lassitude and emaciation, and planting roses on the cheeks of their daughters and wards.

The College edifice has about *six hundred feet in length of piazzas*, where the young ladies promenade when the weather is inclement. When it is pleasant, a portion of each day is devoted to strolls and sports on the College grounds, or to long walks amid new scenes—the pupils being attended by one of the Faculty when they go abroad.

Bathing accommodations are also provided, than which nothing can be more conducive to health, when judiciously used.

## UNIFORM.

Uniformity in dress is beautiful and economical. Pupils will, therefore, when they are away from the College premises, wear in winter, mazarine blue, (with black cloak, when a cloak is worn,) and hat trimmed with blue. In summer, the dress will be of white jaconet muslin.

The material for the uniform dress may be procured and made up in Charlotte after the arrival of the pupil.

Ordinarily, when young ladies are at the College, they may dress as they prefer, provided that they are always neat.

Finally, we are determined to be *thorough* in the instruction imparted. Our plan is to develope and discipline the mind by a full course of Mathematics, and to give to the mind thus prepared the *highest degree of adornment*.

Several of the leading Churches are represented in the Board of Trustees and in the Faculty.

For further information, address the President, Charlotte, N. C.



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A few of the Opinions of the Press in regard to Mecklenburg Female College:

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"One of the best Female Colleges in the South, if not the very best."  
[*Crescent*, Marion, S. C.]

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"The great success which attends this Institution is owing to the superior qualifications and liberality of the popular President, and the efficiency of the Professors."—*American*, Statesville, N. C.

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"One of the best Institutions of learning in the State."—*Sentinel*, Raleigh, North Carolina.

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"We take great pleasure in calling attention to this Institution."  
[Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., Nashville (Tenn.) *Advocate*.]

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"The College buildings are on a magnificent scale, and in admirable keeping with the public spirit and liberality of the people. Very few institutions of learning in our country, North or South, can present as strong inducements to the parents and guardians of young ladies, as Mecklenburg Female College."—*Episcopal Methodist*, Baltimore, Maryland.

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From the *Daily Carolina Times*, published in Charlotte, N. C.

COMMENCEMENT AT THE MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE, July 28 and 29, 1867.—"On Sunday, the Commencement Sermon was preached in the College Chapel by the Rev. B. Craven, D. D., President of Trinity College. We were prepared to hear a fine discourse, but we confess we were surprised and delighted at the large-hearted, liberalized and statesmanlike views expressed.

On Monday morning we wended our way to the College to participate in the pleasure the Commencement exercises afforded. After a grand chorus by the class, the entertainment proceeded by solos, duetts, &c., and the reading of compositions. We are not a competent judge of the excellency of the former, but all present seemed pleased, yea astonished, at the sweetness and ease of execution.

The compositions read were of a very high order. When the first was read, it was so good, so well written and read, that we wrote opposite to it on the programme, superb; and so on, good, superb, fine, elegant, to the end. Where *all* acquitted themselves so creditably, we feel it would be invidious to discriminate.

At night, the exercises were continued, and the spacious Chapel was densely crowded by an intelligent audience. A number of the young ladies read compositions—all good, several of rare beauty. The music pleased, and the address of Dr. Craven equaled any we ever heard. The whole reflected great credit on the estimable President and his able and zealous assistants.

This College is an established fact, and promises to be a powerful co-worker in the cause of education. Our people were delighted at what they saw and heard, and pronounced the whole a grand success."

---

**Abstract from Report of the Examining Committee of Mecklenburg Female College.**

The Committee appointed to be present at the Commencement exercises of "Mecklenburg Female College," and to report upon the examination of its pupils, would express the satisfaction which this examination has afforded them. We were especially pleased with the manifestly thorough acquaintance of the pupils with the studies that have engaged their attention. This thoroughness is the highest recommendation the Teachers themselves can desire of their qualification for the positions they occupy. Candor compels us to say, the President and Faculty have great reason to be encouraged for the success that has thus far crowned their efforts. The young ladies of the Institution have evinced a degree of scholarship that would reflect credit upon any Female College.

There is one department upon which special attention seems to have been bestowed, viz., Composition. The subjects selected for this occasion were treated with peculiar care and revealed power of thought far above the ordinary grade. To the unskilled ears of the Committee, the music was exquisite.

The Committee would congratulate the President and Faculty, in connection with the young ladies of Mecklenburg Female College, upon the successful exercises of its Commencement. And wishing the Institution a large share of the public patronage,

We are respectfully,

N. ALDRICH,  
W. C. POWER,  
R. P. WARING,  
W. J. YATES,  
M. L. WRISTON,  
H. B. WILLIAMS,  
JACOB DULS,  
THOS. B. PRICE,

*Examining Committee.*

---

**THE "CARRIER DOVE," OR MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE,**

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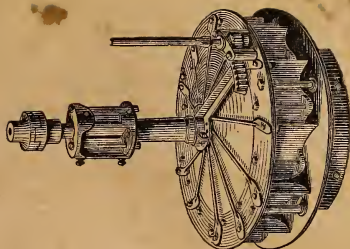
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*Charlotte, N. C.*

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THE

# CARRIER DOVE



OR

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE

# MAGAZINE.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Vol. 1.]

APRIL, 1868.

[No. 2.]

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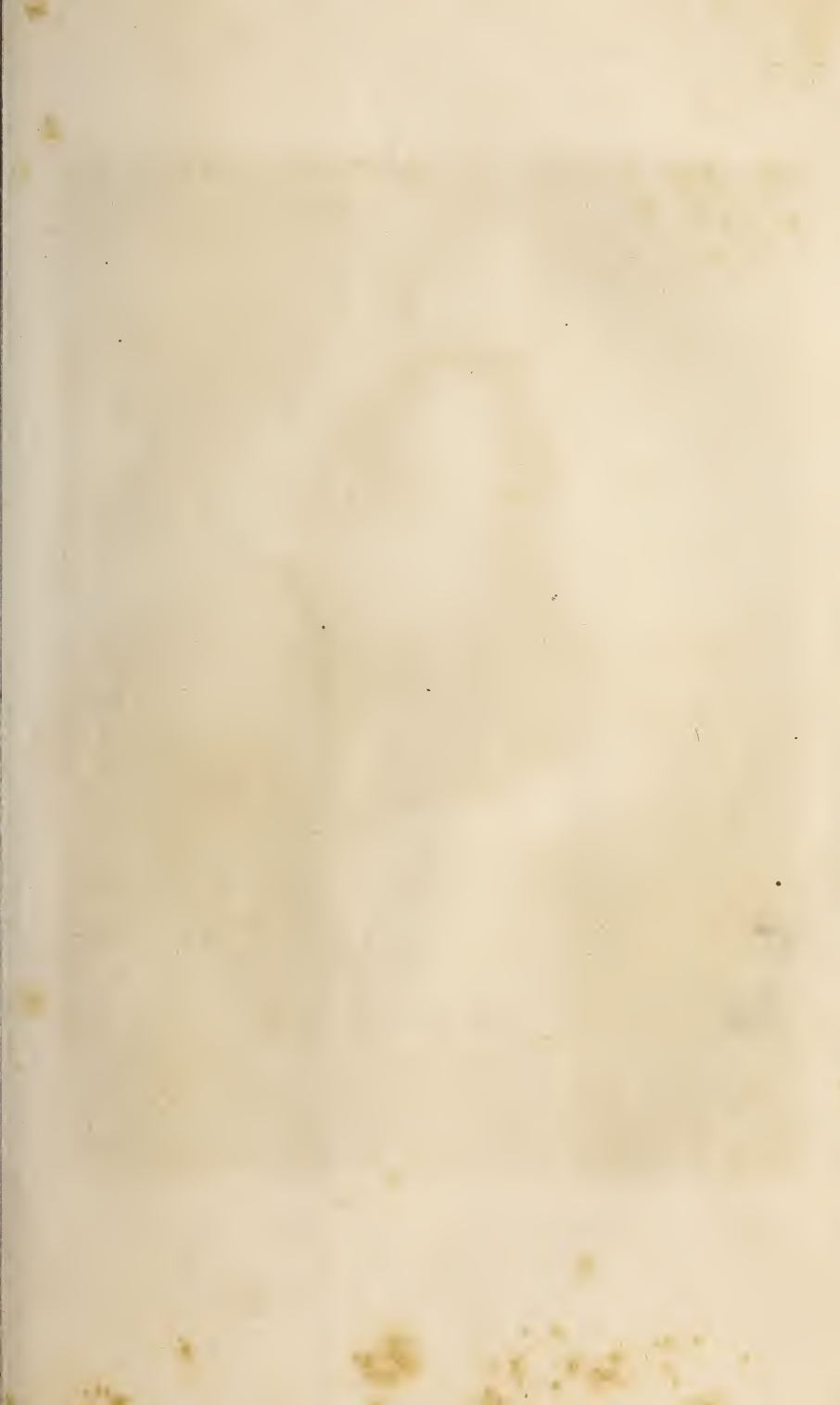
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THE MILKMAID.



# The Carrier Dove.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL, 1868. NO. 2.

## Department of the Ghemesian Society.

### HANNAH MORE.



MISS MORE was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in 1745. Her father was a man of considerable learning, a teacher of school in Stapleton, and a member of the Church of England. He took pleasure in narrating to his children incidents from Greek or Roman history; and these narratives, Hannah at an early age, listened to with interest and delight. Her intellectual faculties were acute and active; and under her parent's instruction she made rapid progress in the English branches, mathematics, and Latin. From her eldest sister she learned French; when twelve years old, she entered a school at Bristol, of which her sister was teacher; and when sixteen, attended Sheridan's lectures on eloquence. During this time, her taste and talent for poetry had been developing; and some of her verses, on the lectures, having been shown to Sheridan, he requested an introduction to the youthful poetess. When seventeen, she wrote the pastoral drama, "Search after Happiness;" and, during the same period, or a little later, produced translations from the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages. After her unhappy acquaintance with Mr. Turner had terminated, she devoted her time exclusively to literature, and to the amusements of fashionable life. Such devotion is incompatible with growth in grace; and though during several years, Miss More pro-

fessed, and sometimes defended, Christianity, yet, judging from her correspondence, it appears to have maintained but feeble influence over her. The world was her idol; in pursuit of its pleasures and applause she devoted every energy of her mind; and while in sober moments she glanced over a religious book, her seasons of relaxation were spent in the ball-room and the theatre.

The first interruption of this worldly course was occasioned by the death of her friend and patron, Garrick, the tragedian. From this period, a change in the tone of her correspondence is visible, and she became, in her appearance, more serious and thoughtful. The change wrought gradually for ten years; the world, during that period, continued to lose its charms to her: and in 1785, she abandoned London, the scene of her many follies, and repaired to a small country-seat named Cowslip Green. Here her principal employments were reading, meditation, occasional correspondence, and gardening. By way of public remonstrance against the life she had formerly led, she published her "Manners of the Great," which excited great interest, and passed through several editions in a few weeks. In 1789, while making occasional rambles in the surrounding villages with her sister Martha, she was so struck with the ignorance and immorality of the poor as to adopt the resolution of establishing schools for their instruction. The sisters soon decided on a plan; a school was formed at the romantic village of Cheddar, and in a short time three hundred children were under instruction. Such was the success of the first trial, that schools multiplied in all the neighboring villages, and the care of them engrossed nearly all Miss More's time. She was warmly seconded by her sister; "and notwithstanding many discouragements, they established schools in ten parishes, and superintended the education of twelve hundred children. When their funds were exhausted, they were supplied from those of Wilberforce, Newton, and others. As the work prospered, it led to other useful measures. Parents were invited on Sabbath evenings to hear the reading of a sermon; Bibles and Prayer Books were distributed, and a system of catechising established." Many reprobates, (says Miss More,) were by the blessing of God awakened, and many swearers and Sabbath breakers reclaimed. The numbers both of young and old scholars increased, and the daily life and conversation of many seemed to keep pace with their religious profession on Sunday.

At this time, the depth of wickedness to which the French republicans had attained, was hurrying into its vortex a considerable portion of the British population, especially among the poor. The framework of society was shaken, and a spirit of atheism seemed to be fast supplanting the creeds of nations. In this state of affairs, Miss More was urged from all sides to produce some small tract, which, being extensively circulated, might serve to counteract the French influence. After long hesitation, she published her "Village Dialogues, by Will Chip," of which hundreds of thousands of copies were distributed. It was followed by her "Remarks" on the atheistical speech of Dupont in the National Convention; by the "Village Politics;" and the series of "Cheap Repository Tracts." Of the latter, two millions were sold the first year. In 1799, appeared her "Strictures on Female Education," which, though subjecting her to some groundless assaults at that time, is now considered a standard work. Six years after, at the solicitation of an eminent Church dignitary, she prepared a work entitled, "Hints towards forming the character of a young Princess," which was designed for Charlotte, Princess of Wales. Previous to this, she had removed to Barley Wood, where she passed her time in seclusion with her sisters. Not long after the publication of the "Hints," she was seized with severe illness, which during two years, rendered her unfit for bodily or mental exertion; and scarcely had her frame begun to acquire strength, when she was called upon to mourn the loss of her intimate friend, Bishop Porteus, to whose memory she consecrated an urn at Barley Wood. In 1811, she published "Practical Piety," and "Christian Morals." After a considerable interval, in which she lost a sister, she gave to the world one of her favorite productions—An essay on the character and writings of St. Paul. Before this was finished, an accident occurred, by which her useful labors had nearly been terminated by a dreadful death. Her shawl having caught fire, quickly enveloped her in flames, which partially injured her person, and the immediate danger, though soon over, left her in a state of great bodily weakness. Not long after, two of her remaining sisters were called away to another life.

Though now in her seventieth year, this indefatigable woman continued to labor in the cause to which she had so long devoted her best powers. The celebrity of her literary works, and the success of her



measures of philanthropy, rendered her country-seat the favorite resort of the most illustrious literati of England. Easy and unaffected in deportment, Miss More recommended herself to the esteem of her visitors by her amiable qualities of heart, as well as by the gifts of her mind. Her productions were among the most popular in England; they were read with avidity in the British colonies and the United States; and several of them were translated into other languages. In 1818, a letter from Ceylon informed her that Chief Justice Johnston of that Island had caused several of her writings to be translated into the Tamul and Cingalese languages; and about the same time, two Persian nobles, to whom she presented a copy of her "Practical piety," declared their intention of having it translated on their arrival at home.

After recovery from severe illness, which for a time threatened her life, Miss More published her popular book, called *Moral Sketches*. While the admiration of the public was lavished on her on account of this work, the death of Martha, her only surviving sister, occurred; and in the following year her own health began rapidly to fail. During the summer and autumn of 1820, various attacks of illness threatened to terminate her life. These afflictions she bore with Christian fortitude, dwelling in thought and conversation upon the promises of Scripture, and expressing her willingness to depart, and be with Christ. She was again restored to partial health; and again, in 1822, prostrated by an attack of sickness. Contrary to her friends' expectations and her own, she recovered to nearly her former health; so that Barley Wood again became the resort of the learned and the pious. A respite of two years afforded her many opportunities to exercise her varied benevolence; but in 1824, she was again laid upon a bed of affliction. On recovering, she extracted from her later works passages on prayer, which she published in a small volume, called the "Spirit of Prayer." It passed through three editions in three months.

By the death of Martha, the pecuniary management of the household had devolved on Miss More. She was habitually negligent in household affairs, and of this the servants took advantage to defraud her to a large amount. She, therefore, resolved to sell Barley Wood; and having dismissed her attendants, she repaired to Clifton. She entered her new residence April 18, 1828, in the eighty-third year of her age. From this time her health gradually declined;



sudden attacks of pain or debility left her weak and nervous; and her continual cheerfulness only rendered the appreciation of her sufferings more painful to her friends. By unremitting care, the approaches of death were baffled until 1832, when a change for the worse, both in body and mind, took place. Almost imperceptibly the splendor of her intellect dimmed and wasted; but her disposition was still kind and gentle. She lingered until the autumn of 1833, when the symptoms of disease increased to an alarming degree. The violence of her disorder could not diminish her faith in the promises of God, nor disturb the tranquility of her mind. "What can I do, (was her language,) what can I not do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who expect to be together in a better world. The thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ." Again, when in much pain, she prayed—"Lord strengthen my resignation to thy holy will. Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor, miserable sinner. Thou hast not left me comfortless, O Lord; strengthen me in the knowledge of my Saviour Christ, whom I love and honor."

Such was the manner in which this woman of many honors expressed, in view of death, her confidence in a happy immortality. 'On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, (we condense the account of an eye-witness,) the morning devotion was offered up at her bedside. There was an unusual brightness in her face. She smiled, and endeavoring to raise herself, she reached out her arms, as if catching at something, and exclaimed, 'Joy.' In this state of quietness and inward peace she remained for about half an hour, when Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very serene. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. On Saturday she continued till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape, and one more was added to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God, and of the Lamb, forever and ever."

We need add but little to this sketch of Hannah More. Her character is strongly marked in her writings; her influence was ever for good, and her example was a pattern of that religion of which she was the untiring advocate. In her is exemplified the power of divine grace over the soul; and her case is one among the many, which illustrate the all-important duty of parents to inculcate, in the minds of their children, early religious impressions. Though calumniated by open falsehood or dark insinuation, she refuted her enemies rather by displays of Christian character, than by the direct weapons of argument; and while many of bolder pretensions would have sunk under the assaults made upon her, she grew stronger after every attack, because her unshaken faith in God manifested itself rather by deeds than by words.

### THE CARRIER DOVE.



THE Carrier Dove, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined. So the soul that would triumphantly gain its long-sought rest must rise above that which is low, sordid, or mercenary, and must soar through the upper regions of purity, love and peace.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam.  
But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to Thee.  
No sin to cloud, no love to stay  
My soul as home she springs;  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings.

## CHARLOTTE, N. C.



CHARLOTTE, in the county of Mecklenburg, is situated on a commanding eminence between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles south-west from the city of Raleigh, and about twenty miles from the South Carolina line. It was settled nearly a hundred years ago, and was named in honor of the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, in Germany.

The town, now city, of Charlotte, and the county of Mecklenburg, are renowned in American history. Two Presidents of the United States were born in this county, namely, Andrew Jackson and James Knox Polk. The former was born in the Waxhaw settlement, about twenty-seven miles from Charlotte, in what is now Union county; but it was Mecklenburg at the time of the birth of the hero of New Orleans. President Polk was born about eleven miles south of Charlotte, near Little Sugar Creek.

But the event which gives the county of Mecklenburg and town of Charlotte especial prominence in the history of the country is the Declaration of Independence, which was promulgated here on the 20th of May, A. D. 1775, and which is known in history as the Mecklenburg Declaration. It is said to have emanated from the pen of Ephraim Brevard, many of whose descendants still live in this and the adjacent counties. It was first publicly read in a building which stood on what is now the Public Square in Charlotte. No higher compliment could be paid to the spirit and style of this document than the fact that it became the model of the National Declaration, promulgated in the city of Philadelphia on the 4th day of July, 1776, and drawn up by Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston.

During the Revolutionary struggle, Charlotte was the theatre of stirring events. This region and vicinity was to the British and Tories a terrible "Hornet's Nest." It was here that Col. Davie, September 26, 1780, with a mere handful of troops, held the British army in check. From this place General Gates issued his last general order, and at this point General Green took charge of the Southern Army.



Among the honored dead of good old Mecklenburg, in addition to Presidents Polk and Andrew Jackson, we might mention the names of General William Davidson, General George Graham, and ex-Governor Nathaniel Alexander.

But if the men of Mecklenburg were brave and heroic in those days, so also were the women. We may learn from the following address, published by the ladies on the 9th day of February, 1776, in what estimation they held the gentlemen who could not find it convenient to fight in defence of their country :

"The young ladies of the best families of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, have entered into a voluntary Association that they will not receive the addresses of any young gentlemen of that place except the brave volunteers who served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovalite insurgents. The ladies being of opinion that such persons as stay loitering at home when the important calls of the country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave, manly spirit which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex."

Charlotte, being an inland town, was slow in its early growth, but it has improved rapidly for a few years past, and now bids fair to become at an early day one of the largest and most populous inland cities in the South. It is accessible by three railroads. The seaboard and the mountains are now bound together by an iron bond centering in Charlotte.

This city has one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the South—the Rock Island Woolen Mills. These give employment to about one hundred operatives, manufacturing about one thousand yards of cloth per day. Here, amongst other styles of goods, the most elegant cassimeres are made.

Charlotte also has several founderies and machine shops propelled by steam. It also has three literary institutions of high grade, besides several primary schools.

It would seem that money ought to be plentiful in our city, for here we have a United States Branch Mint, and three well-managed banking houses.

The "Mansion House" is said to be the largest, most commodious, and the handsomest hotel building in the State, while the dwellings and stores are greatly admired for architectural beauty and elegance.



Charlotte has six church edifices—the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Episcopal and Roman Catholic. The city is said to contain at this time some five or six thousand inhabitants.

The main streets are broad and straight, with granite pavements and pretty shade trees. These streets are also macadamized in the business portion of the city; but it is a fact much to be regretted that most of the cross streets are so narrow as to detract much from the general beauty and convenience of the city.

The inhabitants are celebrated for their energy and diligence in business pursuits, which gives to Charlotte an air of life and activity rarely seen anywhere in the ruined and desolated South. Mecklenburg county furnished for the Confederate army two Generals, and a large number of subordinate officers and private soldiers.

From Charlotte are issued three daily papers, four weeklies, one monthly, and one quarterly magazine—nine periodicals.

We might add that the people of Charlotte and of Mecklenburg county are distinguished for their public spirit and their hospitality to strangers. Consequently, no one ever sojourns here, even for a few days, without becoming strongly attached to the place and the people. The traveling stranger carries the city away in his heart. He thinks ever and anon of this beautiful Queen of Western North Carolina—her historic renown and her honored graves; her elegant and commodious churches; her temples of art, science, and literature; the peaceful streams which lave her feet; the sunset scenes which gild her brow; her fragrant gardens, and above all, the cordial and hospitable greetings of her citizens. It is thus with sojourners. *Natives* who have gone to reside in other localities or who wander in foreign lands, finding no skies so bright and no trees so green as those of Charlotte, sigh as exiles until opportunity is afforded for their return. Hear them:

“Sweet clime of our kindred!

Blest land of our birth!

The dearest, the fairest,

The brightest on earth!”

## THE WASTED FLOWERS.

Where sycamores were throwing  
Their arms across a stream,  
The cadence of whose flowing  
Like a Naiad's song may seem,  
A rosy child was playing—  
A child of face so fair  
That she seemed a being straying  
From brighter realms of air.

On her grassy couch reclining,  
By the streamlet's margin green,  
A rose-bud wreath entwining  
Her fair young neck was seen;  
And many bright-hued flowers,  
In field and wild-wood sought,  
Culled in their gladsome hours,  
That little child had brought.

And as the stream went dancing  
In all its gladness on,  
Its silver ripples glancing,  
Like mirrors in the sun,  
Anon a beauteous blossom  
Out of her lap she drew,  
Which on the water's bosom,  
In childish glee she threw.

Nor noted she the measure  
Of the loss her store sustained,  
'Till of all her pretty treasure,  
Nor bud nor flower remained;  
Then for those blossoms sighing,  
Which she never more might see,  
She to the stream stood crying,  
"Bring back my flowers to me."

But onward, nothing caring  
What the weeping child might say,  
The waters flowed, still bearing  
All her blooming gems away;  
And oft in after hours  
Came back such words as these,  
"O bring me back my flowers,"  
Borne on the fitful breeze.

Thou gay one, who art wasting  
 Thine hours in idle mirth,  
 Who from thee time art casting,  
 As a thing of little worth.  
 She who sat thoughtless, throwing  
 Her treasure on the stream,  
 Is but thy emblem, showing  
 What thou to others seem.

The moments in their fleetness,  
 Are flowers of rich perfume—  
 Waste not their precious sweetness,  
 While yet for thee they bloom—  
 Lest when thou seest the hours  
 Receding swift from thee,  
 Thou'lt cry "bring back my flowers,  
 "Oh bring them back to me!"

---

### THE CLOCKWORK OF THE SKIES.



WE derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies which are made at an observatory our only adequate measures of time, and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial timekeepers—clocks, watches and chronometers—however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them, under any circumstances, to escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands; and the moment we remove with our timekeeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home time alone, like the fond traveler who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clockwork of the skies

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly

bodies. It is they and not our main-springs, our expansion balances, and our compensation pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope—

'Tis with our watches as our judgments; none  
Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all the kindreds, and tribes, and tongues of men—each upon their own meridian—from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp, twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour—twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean—twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, in the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

---

#### DEATH OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR.

She died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem;  
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropped from some diadem;  
She died in beauty, like a lay along a moonlit lake;  
She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the brake;  
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away;  
She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day;  
She *lives* in glory, like Night's gems set round the silver moon;  
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.



## THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep :—  
The wave is bluer than the sky ;  
And, though the light shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow  
That sparkle in the depths below ;  
The rainbow's tints are only made  
When on the waters they are laid,  
And sun and moon most sweetly shine  
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—  
It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—  
They are but earthly sounds, that tell  
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,  
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,  
Or winds its softness through the flood,  
Echoes through groves with coral gay,  
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—  
Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;  
Above, let care and fear contend  
With sin and sorrow to the end ;  
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,  
That frets above our peaceful home,  
We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

## MY COTTAGE HOME



OW beautiful it stood amid embowering trees and shrubs! I loved it, and my thoughts go back through the long lapse of years and twine their sweetest garlands around the dear old home. It stands before me now, bright with the rays of the morning, fresh with the fragrance of spring. I see the budding lilacs, the blooming roses, and the waving branches of the graceful elm, with their bird nests.

But who was that loved one who watched all my movements, and constantly strove to make me happy? My sister. Was she not beautiful! How like an angel was she, with her large, dark eyes! Ah! it was a long time ago that I saw her in the cottage door. She is gone now, and the world, which then looked so beautiful, is dreary and lonely.

There was always music about my rural home. The birds sang at the door, in the orchard, and among the vines and roses in the garden. In the house, my mother's voice made melody. How sweet the music and memories of yore! The vine lattice still adorns my cottage home; but the music which gladdened the household is hushed, and the voice of prayer is no longer heard. There silence and loneliness reign.

But I still find a melancholy enjoyment in thinking of my old, dear home, and a higher pleasure still in contemplating that house with "many mansions," where

"Fadeless flowers immortal bloom."

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## SUCCESSION OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Likes leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise:  
So generations in their course decay;  
So flourish these, when those have passed away.

## DANGERS OF A SPIRIT OF WAR AND CONQUEST.



F all the dangers and misfortunes which could befall this nation, we regard that of its becoming a warlike and conquering power, the most direful and fatal. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors in the civilized world, were Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon. The first, after overrunning a large portion of Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there were no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His lieutenants quarrelled and warred with each other; as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all.

Cæsar, after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most execrable monsters that ever existed in human form.

And that most extraordinary man, perhaps in all history, after subjugating all continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals, seriously threatening—according to M. Thiers—proud Albion itself, and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in the possession of its enemies, and was made himself a wretched captive; and, far removed from country, family, and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena. The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be retained in the treaties to which she was reduced to submit.

Were the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their great captains? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

## ART AND ART CULTURE.



THE deep interest now beginning to be felt in Art culture is one of the signs of the times, a most beautiful and promising one, too, and worthy to be hailed with gratulation by all who take pleasure in the growth and progress of humanity. Why this study should have been so lightly treated, and why good people are sometimes so indifferent to its immense value, are among those inexplicable facts that belong to the shady side of human nature. Every man, every woman, ought to have an Art education sufficient to appreciate the beauties of Nature, to enter into the meaning of God's works, to call forth taste and sensibility, in fullness of vigor and breadth of reach, and so be able to give some account of the soul and its relations to the magnificence around it.

Whether or not persons become artists, in the professional sense, is not the question. Each may determine this for himself. But certainly every soul that is unwilling to wear the shroud of Death around it, and inhabit the dull body as a grave, ought to be eager, joyously eager, to acquire that knowledge of God's works which Art only supplies.

The value of Art is not over-estimated by those critics who assert that it is an admirable means of mental cultivation, tending to expand the intellect, to improve the accuracy of the external senses, and to afford pleasures of a most salutary and invigorating nature. Outside of these considerations, it has a practical utility not to be exaggerated. Taking Art in its broad range, what a vast increase of comfort and convenience might we have in our domestic buildings, our churches, and our public edifices; what a genuine luxury, healthful and ennobling, in all the pictorial representations in our school-books, our magazines and our articles of daily use, if this branch of study were generally taught!



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## Department of the Philotechnic Society.

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### TO FREEDOM.

Sun of the moral world ! effulgent source  
Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,  
Soul-searching Freedom, here assume thy stand,  
And radiate hence to every distant land ;  
Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,  
The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,  
Spring from unequal sway ; and how they fly  
Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye ;  
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,  
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man ;  
Bold nature bursting through her long disguise,  
And nations daring to be just and wise.  
Yes ! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea  
Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee ;  
Protected Industry beneath thy reign  
Leads all the virtues in her filial train ;  
Courageous Probity, with brow serene,  
And Temperance calm presents her placid mien ;  
Contentment, Moderation, Labor, Art,  
Mould the new man and humanize his heart ;  
To public plenty private ease dilates,  
Domestic peace to harmony of states.  
Protected Industry, careering far,  
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,  
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,  
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

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### DEAD, YET LIVING.

But strew his ashes to the wind,  
Whose sword or voice has blest mankind ;  
And is he dead whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high ?  
To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die.

## MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN NORTH CAROLINA.



Y first expedition on arriving here, was to a gorge on the Blue Ridge, called the Hickory-nut Gap. How it came by that name I cannot imagine, since the forests in this particular region, so far as I could ascertain, are almost entirely destitute of the hickory-tree. The entire length of the gap is about nine miles, and the last five miles are watered by the Rocky Broad River. The upper part of this stream runs between the Blue Ridge proper, and a spur of the Blue Ridge, and, at the point where it forces a channel through the spur, its bed is exceedingly rocky, and on either hand, until it reaches the middle country of the States, it is protected by a series of mountain bluffs. That portion of the gorge which might be called the gateway, is at the eastern extremity.

From any point of view, this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap being not more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full twenty-five hundred feet, it is nearly perpendicular, and midway up its front stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, which is of a circular form, and resembles the principal turret of a stupendous castle. The entire mountain is composed of granite, and a large proportion of the bluff in question positively hangs over the abyss beneath, and is as smooth as it could possibly be made by the rains of uncounted centuries.

Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the clouds; and in a neighboring brook, near the base of this precipice, are three shooting waterfalls, at the foot of which, formed out of solid stone, are three holes, which are about ten feet in diameter, and measure from forty to fifty feet in depth.

But leaving these remarkable features entirely out of the question, the mountain scenery in this vicinity is as beautiful and fantastic as any I have yet witnessed among the Alleghanies. My best view of

the gorge was from the eastward, and just as the sun, with a magnificent retinue of clouds, was sinking directly in the hollow of the hills, and as I gazed upon the prospect, it seemed to me, as was in reality the case, that I stood at the very threshold of an almost boundless wilderness of mountains.

In coming from Burnsville to this place, I enjoyed two mountain landscapes, which were supremely beautiful and imposing. The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Toe River, and all its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks seemed as light, dream-like, and airy, as the clear blue world in which they floated. The stupendous pile appeared to have risen from the earth with all its glories in their prime, as if to join the newly risen sun in his passage across the heavens.

The middle distance of the landscape was composed of two wood-crowned hills, which stood before me like a pair of loving brothers; then came a luxuriant meadow, where a noble horse was quietly cropping his food; while the immediate foreground of the picture consisted of a marvelously beautiful stream, which glided swiftly by over a bed of golden and scarlet pebbles. The only sounds that fell upon my ear, as I gazed upon this scene, were the murmurings of a distant waterfall, and the hum of insect wings.

The other prospect that I witnessed was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye, while in the distance, towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of the Table Mountain. Not a sign of the breathing human world could be seen in any direction, and the only living creature which appeared to my view was a solitary eagle, wheeling to and fro far up towards the zenith of the sky.

I come now to speak of the Lindville Falls, which are situated on the Lindville River, a tributary of the beautiful Catawba. They are literally embosomed among the mountains, and, long before seeing them, do you hear their musical roar. The scenery about them is as wild as it was a hundred years ago—not even a pathway has yet been made to guide the tourist into the stupendous gorge where they reign supreme.

At the point in question, the Lindville is about one hundred and fifty feet broad, and, though its waters have come down their parent mountains at a most furious speed, here they make a more desperate

plunge than they ever dared to attempt before, when they find themselves in a deep pool, and suddenly hemmed in by a barrier of gray granite, which crosses the entire bed of the river. In their desperation, they finally work a passage through the solid rock, and after filling another hollow with foam, they make a desperate leap of at least one hundred feet, and find a resting place in an immense pool, which one might easily imagine to be bottomless.

And then, as if attracted by the astonishing feats performed by the waters, a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs have gathered themselves together in the immediate neighborhood, and are ever peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below. But as the eye wanders from the surrounding cliffs, it falls upon an isolated column several hundred feet high, around which are clustered, in the greatest profusion, the most beautiful of vines and flowers. This column occupies a conspicuous position a short distance below the falls, and it were an easy matter to imagine it a monument erected by Nature to celebrate her own creative power.

With a liberal hand, indeed, has she planted her forest-trees in every imaginable place; but with a view of even surpassing herself, she has filled the gorge with a variety of caverns, which astonish the beholder, and almost cause him to dread an attack from a brotherhood of spirits. But how futile is my effort to give an adequate idea of the Lindville Falls and their surrounding attractions! When I attempted to sketch them, I threw away my pencil in despair; and I now feel that I should be doing my pen a kindness if I were to consume what I have written. I will give this paragraph to the world, however, trusting that those who may hereafter visit the Lindville Falls, will award to me a little credit for my *will*, if not for my *deed*.

L.



## MEMORIAL PENCILINGS.



WILL leave the giddy dissipation of gay scenes, the excitement of bustling throngs, and in the quietude of some sylvan retreat, abandon myself to such impulses as the scene may awaken.

My feet are almost involuntarily turned towards the "old homestead." Time seems short and steps few, for soon familiar objects tell my nearness to the sacred place. I see the antiquated building; the old cedar trees still guarding both sides of the straight, gravelled path leading to its stone steps; the massive oaks, as formerly, towering above the roof; the large, red laundry, and other objects of interest. But now I reach the gate. Once more its spring obeys my touch; its hinges move, its frame swings. I slowly, meditatively enter, and with emotions indescribable I reach the steps, hear my tramp upon the huge stones, cross the porch, and roll back the heavy bolt. The panelled door swings ajar, and I stand in the threshold and exclaim: "My dream of years is realized!" My gaze sweeps down the long hall; I fly through its emptiness, the floor showing its age and disuse as my footprints are made on the accumulated dust. Another door opens at my touch, and now—Oh, can it be possible! I stand in the doorway of my mother's room!

But that mother, Oh! where is she? I gaze at the vacancy. Here is her accustomed seat unoccupied. Here is the spot from which her daily petitions were offered; but her kneeling form is absent. Every object is stamped with sweet associations of that sainted mother who is

"Chanting heavenly strains  
Among the bright seraphic trains."

And though her form is absent, though I see her not, she seems to be near me. I fancy I hear her gentle tones, her sweet, soft accents, pointing me from this world of care and bereavement to one where strife, contention, and separation are not known.

If it be true that happy spirits watch over us, is it not sweet to think that the one who attends us is the spirit of some near and dear relative—one who, while on earth, led our footsteps, who taught

us to lisp the name of Jesus, and who pointed us to that happy land to which the sainted one has gone.

Long could I dwell in this earthly elysium, for here my soul seems near its God; but night is rapidly drawing its curtain around, and before it entirely shuts out the light of day, I must leave this sacred spot and return to my home. But before I take my departure I would write indelibly on these memorable walls a few words to any who may, perchance, enter:

Tread lightly through these silent halls;  
Wake not, my friend, a single sound!  
Let not your echoing footfalls  
Rudely break the repose profound.

Speak softly! 'tis a hallowed place!  
O! breathe not here one note of mirth;  
Let not the hum of voices chase  
Rest from this lov'd ancestral hearth."

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### NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh,  
Which vernal zephyr's breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,—  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;  
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still.

## THE TRUE WOMAN.



IVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of Prudence, and let the precept of truth sink deep into thy heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love? 'Tis she who walketh in maiden modesty, whose hands are busy in good works, and whose lips speak words of undissembled truth. But why do we mention beauty in the character of a true woman? It is attractive but transient. It is like a flower that fades in a day, and the love produced by it is but a short lived passion.

True piety is the beauty of the soul, and is vastly more attractive than mere comeliness of face and form. Piety is unspeakably lovely. Holiness is infinitely beautiful. Wherever the Christian woman is found, she sheds abroad the mild radiance of love, and purifies the very atmosphere around her by her meek and gentle spirit.

The attributes of a true woman are modesty, prudence, neatness, gentleness, amiability, intelligence, benevolence, and piety.

These, like so many stars, form a constellation of virtues, which make woman an honor to man and an ornament to her race. They become the Queen more than her crown, and shine brighter than the richest cluster of diamonds that ever shown on the bosom of beauty.

Love may write  
His name upon her marble brow,  
And linger in her curls of jet:  
The light, Spring flowers may scarcely bow  
Beneath her steps; and yet, and yet,  
Without that meekest grace, she'll be  
A lighter thing than vanity.

## A LEAF FOR LITTLE LADIES.

## SPRINGTIDE.



T was a lovely September afternoon ; the soft breeze scarce ruffled the sails of the stately ships that floated on the calm sea. All was still, save when an occasional shout broke from the merry group of children engaged in building mimic towns upon the sands. After a time, two of the little company stole away from the scene of their labors, and were soon hid from the others by the rugged rocks with which the Jersey coast was strewn for miles around.

The name of the little girl was Ellie Grierson—a bright-eyed, active child of twelve. Her companion, Arthur Seyton, was a tall, slight boy, two or three years older than herself.

The shadows lengthened, as hour after hour of the bright afternoon flew by, and still the two scrambled on unweariedly over the stones and sea-weed. They had discovered a very curious rock, which was worn by the destructive force of the tide into all manner of odd shapes.

"Here is a perfectly shaped arm-chair, Arthur ; I can seat myself in it so comfortably ! Is it not very curious ?"

"Very ; and here is nearly as good a sofa."

"No," said Ellie, shaking her head, "my chair is the best !"

"There are many queer rocks hereabouts," said Arthur : "how easily one could imagine a church-yard down yonder ; those stones are the very shape of tomb-stones."

"I don't see the resemblance," returned Ellie. "I could fancy instead, a number of people bending down to dig up sand-eels."

Shut in as they were among the rocks, the children little imagined the rapid progress the tide was making, so gently and noiselessly did the little waves wander in among the stones.

"Arthur ! Arthur !" shouted Ellie, clapping her hands, "come here quickly ! I have found a cave in the rock !"

Arthur stood by her side in a moment.

"So you have ! I did not know there was a cave here ; but other people did, however, for here are rude sort of steps cut out in the stone up to the entrance."



"Come and let us investigate it, Arthur. I never have been in a cave before."

"Certainly ; only take care you do not fall on the slippery steps."

Ellie uttered an exclamation of delight, as, after passing through a long, narrow passage, they entered a large cavern. At first she could see nothing, but her eyes soon grew accustomed to the dim light, and she looked round in astonishment at the vaulted room in which she found herself.

"O Arthur ! have you ever seen such a curious place?"

"Oh ! yes ; the caves at Plemont are much larger. But you speak in a low voice, Ellie, as if you were afraid of being overheard by the fairies with which tradition peoples the caves."

"Is there any story about this one?"

"Very likely there is ; but I don't happen to know it. I don't believe there is a cave that has not some legend belonging to it. There is one in Guernsey, which is said to have been built in the night by a band of fairies."

"I am sure the fairies would have the good taste to prefer grassy mounds and flowery meadows to a gloomy cave like this."

"I quite agree with you, Ellie—it would be a much fitter place of abode for the black dwarfs and trolls."

Ellie examined the cavern attentively for a long time, while Arthur told her all the anecdotes he remembered relating to caves. At last she said, "But, Arthur, look ! there is another opening, perhaps we may find another room."

"You had better take care, Ellie. It is said of a cave in the Western Islands that, whoever penetrates to the end returns without his skin."

Ellie laughed,. "It would be better to come back wanting one's skin than not to come back at all. But, Arthur," she continued, "look how the walls glitter ! Do knock me off a piece of them."

"Certainly, if I had a stone to do it with ; but it is so dark here. Oh ! here is one that will do. Now, Ellie, we must hurry back !"

"Oh ! wait ; here is such a pretty bit ; do give it to me."

True is the saying, "Most haste, worst speed." Arthur's efforts to be speedy only made him longer.

"What is the matter, Arthur ? Why have you taken such a sudden restless fit?" said Ellie, looking at him in surprise.

"We have been away a very long time, and the others will wonder where we are; besides ——"

"Besides, what?"

"I have quite forgotten to look at the tide; and it may be quite near us for all we know."

"Nonsense; we would hear it much plainer if it were, What odd little caves those are in the wall. Where do they lead to?"

"Tradition says to the center of the earth; but that's humbug. Do come away now."

But Ellie was headstrong, and insisted on exploring every one of the little fissures, before she would quit the spot; even then she lingered, in spite of Arthur's efforts to hurry her.

"How funny you look!" she said laughing. "What are you in such a state about? It would be great fun if the tide had come in."

"Ellie, you don't know what you are saying," said Arthur, as grasping her hand tightly, he drew her forward.

"What a tiresome boy you are!" said Ellie, half laughing, half provoked. "We have only been a short time in the cave."

"The time has passed much quicker than you imagine. Hark, how near the sea sounds!"

There was something in his voice that startled Ellie, and she no longer held back.

"O, Arthur! what is the matter?" she said, as an exclamation of dismay burst from his lips.

"Look!"

Ellie's face grew paler and paler as she looked forth on the expanse of waters that lay around them, only broken by the rocks that here and there raised their rugged heads above the tide.

"O, Arthur! how dreadful! How can we get away?"

But Arthur did not answer. He was looking eagerly from side to side. He saw but too clearly the danger of their situation—all mode of exit cut off by the deep water that washed the base of the rock on which they stood. His look was answer enough for Ellie; and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

"O, Arthur! I have been very wrong. If I had not kept you so long in the cave we would have been safe. I was very, very wicked."

"Hush, dear! don't reproach yourself; it's of no use, and I can't bear to hear you: and don't cry so dreadfully! Perhaps we may be saved yet."

Ellie lifted her head, and looked around on the placid sea, dotted by the distant sails of the many ships "bound on their voyage home."

"The water looks so clear and beautiful, Arthur—it can't be so cruel as to drown us! Oh! no, no—we *can't* be drowned!"

Arthur did not hear her; he was gazing, with compressed lips, at something on the rock by his side. It was a small piece of seaweed; he put his hand and touched it: it was damp, and growing to the rock. Tearing it off with an impatient jerk, he flung it into the sea: he watched it unconsciously as it was washed to and fro by the ripple; then he turned and looked at Ellie. She was leaning her little pale face on her hand, her eyes fixed wistfully on the distant cliffs of France. He hastily swallowed down something that would rise in his throat as he looked at her; and, bending over the rock, he watched the water with an aching eagerness. Yes, it was rising, that was only too evident. He started up. "O Ellie! Ellie! if there was only something I could do—some way of escape I could try for you, however dangerous! But it is maddening to stay doing nothing, and see those waters rising higher and higher." And he stamped his foot excitedly.

There was a few moments' silence; then Ellie rose, and laying her hand on his arm, looked up in his face with an earnest look in her blue eyes. "Don't speak so, dear Arthur! I don't think God will let us be drowned. Just as you spoke, the verse I read this morning came into my head: 'Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?'"

Arthur was silent, and stood thinking for a little; at last he said: "Let us go into the cave again, Ellie. There is no chance of escape here; perhaps we may find some place in the walls to which we can climb up. I have heard that in some caves the water only covers the surface of the floor."

Ellie allowed herself, somewhat unwillingly, to be led from the fresh air back into the dark cavern. Then shutting her eyes, she leant in silence against the rock, while Arthur eagerly investigated the damp walls. "Ellie!" he exclaimed, "look, here is the very thing; do you see that sort of little shelf in the rock?"

"Yes, but can we reach it?"

"I think so; you know we are both good climbers."

After a little difficulty, Arthur succeeded in reaching the crevice, and lay down so as to stretch his arm as far down as possible.

"Now, Ellie, put your foot there, and take hold of that stone, and raise your left foot, and you will find another resting-place. Capital! Now raise your hand, and I will try to reach you—well done."

Ellie drew a breath of relief when she found herself seated side by side with Arthur, and asked him in a cheerful voice if he thought they would be safe where they were.

"I cannot tell, Ellie; we can only hope so."

This was not encouraging, and Ellie said no more, but looked round the cave, feeling very "eerie," for it was growing darker and darker as the evening shades crept on without.

"What are you thinking about, Ellie?" said Arthur, as he felt her tremble.

"Those lines of the song Lucy sang last night will run in my head."

"What lines, dear?"

Ellie repeated, in a voice which she tried in vain to make steady:

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The hungry cruel foam,  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
To her grave beside the sea."

"Try and think of something else."

"I have been trying for long, and I cannot."

Ellie started, a few minutes after, as the cave gave back the rich tones of Arthur's voice, as he sang the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh! receive my soul at last!"

He sang steadily through the verses, and Ellie thought the words had never before seemed so beautiful as they did now. Soothed and comforted she hardly knew how, she leant back wearily against the rock, for she was thoroughly worn out by the long day spent in scrambling among the rocks. Unlike Arthur, she did not realize the hopelessness of their situation. She knew they were in danger,



but Ellie had a child's simple faith in God, and having asked Him to take care of her and Arthur, she felt secure in His protection. Her heavy eyes gradually closed, and in a little while her head fell on Arthur's shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

"Poor little Ellie!" said Arthur to himself, as he drew her cloak, closer round her. "What a mercy it is that she can sleep so peacefully."

Hour followed hour, and Ellie slept on, while Arthur listened to the monotonous ripple of the water, and the shrill cry of the sea-bird, as it flew by to seek its nest among the cliffs. The cave was now quite dark, and, from the sound of the waves, he was expecting to feel the tide break against him every moment, when a moonbeam came floating in along the water. Arthur's heart died within him, as with it came the remembrance of Willie's words, uttered in the morning, and forgotten till that moment, "It is full moon to-night, and there will be a spring-tide." A spring-tide! All hope was gone now, and he knew that a little later the cave would be full. He held the sleeping Ellie in a despairing clasp, and counted the precious moments that yet remained.

Arthur had thought of death before. He had often dreamt of falling on some glorious battle-field, and being borne to his grave to the sound of martial music, leaving an honored name behind him; but it was a very different thing rushing forward to meet death amid the roar of cannon, the trumpet's blast, and the shouts of the battle, to awaiting it in a dismal cave among the rocks, like a condemned criminal the hour of his execution, imprisoned by the rippling waves as securely as the felon by the massive walls and iron bolts of his prison.

Time wore on, but Arthur grew calmer as the tide rose higher. His defiant feelings had died away, and he felt how vain it was to struggle against God's will; and, though his dreams of earthly glory had faded, would the welcoming songs of the angels be less sweet, his golden crown less bright on that account? While he was thus thinking, a little ripple passed gently over his foot, and though it was what he had been expecting, he recoiled as if struck by a sudden blow. Ellie still slept; she did not feel the large tear that fell on her brow as he bent over to catch the murmured words that she uttered in her sleep. She was dreaming of home; she said Willie's name and laughed aloud. Arthur shuddered involuntarily as the

cavern walls echoed back the light laugh with a hollow sound. Was it right to let Ellie sleep on, dreaming so unconsciously, with death and eternity so near? And yet, how to awaken her, and tell her that all hope was gone! Arthur could not find courage to do it; he smoothed back with a trembling hand the heavy hair from the brow of the little sleeper, and let the time slip on, while he listened to her quiet breathing. How could she sleep so soundly? Was it indeed the sleep "He giveth his beloved," and would she be spared all suffering, and only waken to find herself in Heaven?

At last Ellie moved restlessly, for the tide had by this time reached their resting place, and was flowing gently over her feet, which were curled upon the rock. Arthur was bending down to awaken her gently, when a sound from without caused him to start violently, and then shout aloud with all the strength he could muster. He hardly knew his own voice—so hoarse and changed did it sound! He shouted again—this time accompanied by a piercing cry from Ellie, who had awakened in alarm; and, terrified at finding herself in the water, clung, shrieking to him.

An answering shout from a well-known voice—the sound of oars—a lantern's light gleaming on the walls, and a boat forces its way into the cave.

"Thank God! we are in time!" bursts from the lips of Ellie's father, as he lifts his little daughter into the boat; and Arthur returns, convulsively, the grasp of his brother's outstretched hand.

A little longer, and the boat nears the shore; and as the boatmen's cheering shout brings joy to anxious hearts of the group assembled there, Arthur looks back to the scene of the past danger, and thinks of Ellie's verse: "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith."

## THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,  
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way ;  
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;  
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,  
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest ;  
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,  
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of despair and woe  
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.  
Oh ! that I soon may reach thy world serene  
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene !

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## SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

While thus the shepherds watched the host of night,  
O'er heaven's blue concave flashed a sudden light.  
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine  
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine ;  
And lo ! descending angels, hovering there,  
Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air  
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold,  
When that high anthem, clear, and strong and bold,  
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran :  
"Glory to God—Benevolence to man—  
Peace to the world :"—and in full concert came,  
From silver tubes and harps of golden frame,  
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains  
Lingered and languished on Judea's plains.  
Yon living lamps, charmed from their chambers blue  
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew ;  
All?—all, but one, that hung and burned alone,  
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.  
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar  
Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's star.

## SILENCE IN NATURE.



HAT many of the most important operations in nature are carried on in unbroken silence, is a remarkable and very instructive fact. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbrous machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its functions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and buds burst into flowers, but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms, and fruits, and sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the great transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river and the thunder of the black-browed storm: all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

## THE DAY KING.

The god of day, in crimson robes,  
Sank slowly to his evening rest;  
His parting smile lay on the sea,  
And lingered on the mountain's crest.

Old Ocean, with his snow-capped waves,  
A fitting couch beneath him spread;  
And heaven, in gold and purple hues,  
Drew curtains o'er his weary head.



## SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer! to prayer!—for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
His light is on all, below and above—  
The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
Oh! then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of creation's early bloom,  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb,  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the believer saith.  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;  
There is peace in his eye, that upward bends;  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;  
For his last thoughts are God's—his last words, prayer.

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!  
But gladder, purer than rose from this.  
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,  
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength,  
To join that holy band at length.  
To Him, who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;  
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

## FEMALE BEAUTY.



HOSE who are accustomed to enlightened views of female beauty, well know that there are different kinds of personal beauty, among which that of form and coloring hold a very inferior rank. There is a beauty of expression for instance, of sweetness, of nobility, of intellectual refinement, of feeling, of animation, of meekness, of resignation, and many other kinds of beauty, which may be allied to the plainest features, and yet may remain to give pleasure long after the blooming cheek has faded, and silvery gray has mingled with the hair. And how far more powerful in their influence upon others, are some of those kinds of beauty! For, after all, beauty depends more upon the movements of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest; and thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings, acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating cause of the movements or expressions which stamp their character upon it. Who has not waited for the first opening of the lips of a celebrated belle, to see whether her claims would be supported by the mind, the music breathing of her face; and who has not, occasionally, turned away, repelled by the utter blank, or worse than blank, which the simple movement of the mouth in speaking or smiling has revealed? The language of poetry describes the loud laugh as indicative of the vulgar mind; and certainly there are expressions, conveyed through the medium of a smile, which need not Lavater to inform us that refinement of feeling, or elevation of soul, has little to do with the fair countenance on which they are impressed. On the other hand, there are plain women sometimes met with in society, every movement of whose features is instinct with intelligence; who from the genuine heart-warm smiles which play about the mouth, the sweetly modulated voice, and the lighting up of the eye, that looks as if it could comprehend the universe, become perfectly beautiful to those who live with them and love them. Before such pretensions as these, how soon do the pink and white of a merely pretty face vanish into nothing!

## TO THE LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!

The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!

The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below,  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!

O! I could ever sweep the oar,  
When birds at early morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### OUR SUCCESS.



O far as we are informed, our College magazine has met a most favorable reception. Our "CARRIER DOVE" visits various latitudes, from the bleak hills of Iowa to the orange groves of Florida; and, leaving the bleached shores of the Atlantic, our peaceful messenger fears not to cross "the father of waters." While we are determined to make both the "CARRIER" and the messages in the highest degree attractive, entertaining, and useful, only a *trifle* is asked in return. Hear the song which our little "Soph." of thirteen summers sings for you :

### THE "CARRIER DOVE" IS COMING.

The "CARRIER DOVE" is coming;

You can take it if you will,

We charge you but one dollar,

And several pages fill—

Pleasant prose and poetry,

Issuing from our young heads,

'Twill brighten up your circle

By the love and joy it sheds.

Our "DOVE" is a youthful one,

I hope you'll not refuse

To take the little fledgling,

All sparkling with morning dews,

But say "I'll pay one dollar,

Come hither, thou little 'DOVE,'

Thou darling little creature,

Shedding sunshine, joy, and love!"

Good friend, what more need I say

To win you over to our book?

If you cannot longer stay,

Take it as you go, and look

Upon its many pages

And see what girls can do

If they are just encouraged

By each one—you, you, and you!



We will refer to a few only of the numerous very complimentary notices which have been written by competent judges:

"It is an admirable work, superb in every sense, and bears high testimony to the advancement of the College."

Another says:

"The first number is just the neatest affair we have seen in the magazine line. It is simply a *beauty* after our ideal. Not a beautiful toy, but a beauty with talent, and purity, and grace, adorning its utterances."

The following is understood to have been written by the *chief* of the literary *savants* in the South:

"It is gotten up in very elegant style, and the frontispiece represents that noble edifice, the Mecklenburg Female College, which is of semi-Gothic design, handsomely set forth in the engraving. The literary contents of the work, which are numerous, exhibit good taste in style, ease, and grace of manner, and the literary polish to be derived equally from books and a considerable intercourse with society. This periodical, we are pleased to say, is quite creditable and encouraging to the young ladies of 'Mecklenburg Female College,' a highly successful institution."

An accomplished Georgia editor says:

"We have received the first number of 'THE CARRIER DOVE,' a magazine which exceeds anything of the kind we recollect ever to have seen. Its typography is excellent, and, in every respect, evinces both taste and skill. We are satisfied every lady especially will be delighted with its contents."

These sentiments are reiterated by an editor in Florida.

The following is from an able and excellent editor in Tennessee:

"It is beautiful and attractive in its appearance, and suggests to us the idea of a beautiful school girl dressed modestly and tastefully. Its contents are varied and interesting. Several college publications come to our office, but 'THE CARRIER DOVE' is superior to all others, both in its mechanical execution and literary merit. We commend its enterprise, and hope it will receive a liberal patronage from the friends of the young ladies, and by the pupils in other schools throughout the country. It really merits public patronage, and it is the only college publication of the kind that we know of that does. *It is worth twice its subscription price.*"

We have next an expression of opinion from a distinguished Bishop:

"The magazine is very creditable to the young ladies. Its articles are judicious, its style tasteful, and its typography excellent."

The last notice to which we will refer is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Bond, a very able and *pungent* writer, the editor of the *Episcopal Methodist*, Baltimore, Md. He says:

"This is a very pretty magazine, published by the young ladies of Mecklenburg Female College. We wish the editresses would set their pretty faces against the ugly and ridiculous mutilation of female names now in vogue. *Cadjyex* is certainly no improvement on Caroline, Haddie on Harriet, Sukie on Susan, nor Sallie, Fannie, Beckie, on Sally, Fanny, and Rebecca. We do not understand the reason for this awkward innovation, but if the young ladies of the 'CARRIER DOVE' do, perhaps they will tell us. In the meantime we thank them for the very creditable magazine they have sent us. We wish them great success."

To the foregoing the following is ventured as a reply:

O, Doctor Bond, we greatly fear  
To bandy words with you;  
Your pen so sharp, your head so clear,  
Your thoughts so truly true.

We've no "Cadjyex" in our band,  
No such name as "Haddie,"  
Nor have we the magician's wand  
To make Ad'line Addie.

We do have for Marg'ret—Maggie;  
Of Jane we make Jennie,  
For Agnes we would put Aggie,  
And for Frances—Fannie.

For this you would know the reason;  
You ask our "CARRIER DOVE,"  
We answer—In youth's blithe season  
Pet names are giv'n to those we love.

And now, will our good Doctor Bond  
To us the truth impart,  
How, in his youth, the magic sound  
Of pet names charmed *his* heart!

## SOUTHERN SOCIETY.



COME, children! Come and bid farewell to your mother! Sorrowful words uttered in faltering accents by the venerable Major T. as the coffin lid was about to hide from view the face of his beloved wife. "Come, and let us gather around the cherished form of her who was as dear to us as life itself. Let us, as we bid her a final adieu, call to mind the piety and the virtues which adorned her character, and let us resolve that we will walk in her footsteps, that we may at last rest with her in the kingdom of heaven."

See the tall but bowed form, the hoary locks, the furrowed cheeks, the sunken, dim, and tearful eyes of this majestic old man! O, the grief, the unutterable anguish! His Mariah is gone! The ivy which bound up the shattered and decaying trunk of the old oak being suddenly torn away, it is swayed and almost uprooted by the pitiless blast which sweeps the hill-top.

Years have rolled on. The aged husband rests beside the wife with whom he lived so happily for half a century. It is evening. The setting sun has turned his cloud-pavillion into burnished gold. The day-king spreads his farewell beams upon the distant mountains, and autumnal winds, sighing through the grove, bear away the withered leaves. Two of those who wept in the parlor over the cold remains of the dear departed one, are now walking near the place where their hearts were entombed with the dead. The eyes, suffused with tears, are fixed upon the spruce and the cedars which are still green and beautiful amid the surrounding desolation, fit emblem of the immortality of the soul. Filial love burns, and memory recalls the thrilling words—"Come, bid farewell to your mother!" while Hope, with her radiant finger, points towards heaven and exclaims—

"There, in love's unclouded reign,  
Severed friends shall meet again."

*"She being dead yet speaketh."*

"A mother's pious words and deeds are immortal."

The Christian patriot looks over this desolated, sunny land, and mourns over the demoralization of the people. Many have gone

down, not only in fortune and reputation, but also in *character*. A sad deterioration in morals and manners is everywhere visible, and we most solicitously ask the question—How can this downward tendency be arrested, and the South once more become famous for the mental culture, accomplishments, and piety of her people?

The ready reply is that the gospel is the cordial for our sorrows, the grand panacea for all the diseases of the body politic. There are also other reformatory agencies of great efficacy and importance, the press, the primary school, the academy and the college. Educate the boys under wholesome influences, and let us have men of gigantic intellect and unbending integrity. But the girls are more helpless than the boys, and their influence upon the destinies of the country must be immeasurably potential. Let them have opportunities of improvement equal to those accorded to young men; let their minds be strengthened and stored by protracted and patient study, and by a judicious course of reading. Let them become thorough in all the studies embraced in the College curriculum, in music, and in the fine arts, that our beloved and smitten land may reap annually a rich harvest of accomplished and pious young ladies.

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Icy.—The coolest thing—the most double-iced impudence—we ever heard of, was in the case of a man who borrowed a new silk umbrella of a town-neighbor, which, as a matter of course, he forgot to return. One morning, in a heavy rain, the owner called on his neighbor for it. He found him on the steps, going out with the borrowed umbrella. He met him with that peculiar smile that one man gives another who suddenly claims his umbrella on a wet day, and said:

“Where are you going, Mr. B?”

“I came for my umbrella,” was the brief reply.

“But don’t you see I am going out with it at this moment? It’s a very inclement morning.”

“Going out with my umbrella! What am *I* to do, I should like to know?”

“*Do?*—do as *I* did—*borrow* one!” said the borrower, as he walked away, leaving the lender well-nigh paralyzed at the great height of his neighbor’s impudence.



## THE INDIAN COMING TO CHRIST.



MISSIONARY was once preaching to an Indian congregation, in one of the southwestern States, on the subject of Christ and Him crucified, describing the scene of Gethsemane, and pointing to the unbefriended Sufferer on the cross. The congregation were much affected; and soon a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit and said, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus, the white man take them away. Me give him dog and my rifle."—The minister told him Jesus could not accept those gifts. "Me give him my dog, my rifle, and my blankets: poor Indian he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The minister replied that Jesus could not accept them. The poor, ignorant child of the forest bent his head in sorrow, and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, "*Here is poor Indian: will Jesus have him?*" The Spirit had done His work, and he who had been so poor, sat at the feet of Jesus, heir to the treasures of heaven. His offering was that which the poorest may make, as well as he, and which the richest *must* make. "Give me thy heart," is the language addressed to each one.

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## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Mightiest of the mighty means  
On which the arm of Progress leans—  
Man's noblest mission to advance,  
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,  
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—  
Mightiest of the mighty is the PRESS.

## LOVE IN THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY.



T seems that there was at least one example of "true love" in the history of the Buonaparte family. A newspaper correspondent, writing from Italy, gives some agreeable local reminiscences of their residence in the neighborhood of Florence. He describes the daughter of Joseph as a most interesting and beautiful person. During her residence with her father in the United States, she loved and was beloved by her cousin Achille Murat; but the course of true love never runs smooth. Intended by her family for the eldest son of Louis, ex-king of Holland, she married him against her will, and soon became his widow. His name also was Napoleon; and had he lived, he, instead of his brother, might have been Napoleon III. When Charlotte was a widow, her former lover met her in London, where his disappointed passion poured out to her its bitterness in some French verses, the tenor of which may be inferred from the first stanza, which we here translate:

"I see thee again, after eight long years—  
 Thou, whose aspect makes flutter my heart!  
 I see thee again, but alas, 'tis with tears—  
 Now to me but a sister thou art!"

His poetic plaint seems, however, to have been of no avail, the lamented husband of Charlotte having, after marriage, won her affections completely from her first love. He was a poet also; so was she! They were both artists too. "What she designed, he lithographed; what she wrote, he illustrated." In fact their brief married life was, from all accounts, far happier than that which usually falls to the lot of princes; but, "death did lay siege to it!" nor could the princess long survive her loss.

## A SIGN—THE BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

"Here Pize and kakes and Bier I sell,  
 And Oisters stood & in the shell,  
 And fride wuns tew for them that chews,  
 And with dispatch blacks boots and shews."

LONGEVITY OF LITERARY WOMEN.—The following examples show that devotion to literary duties is not necessarily destructive to the health and lives of women :

| <i>Name.</i>               | <i>Died.</i> | <i>Age.</i> |
|----------------------------|--------------|-------------|
| Mrs. Hofland.....          | 1844         | 74          |
| Jane Porter.....           | 1850         | 74          |
| Mrs. Chapone.....          | 1801         | 75          |
| Mrs. Sherwood.....         | 1851         | 77          |
| B. Maria Roche.....        | 1845         | 80          |
| Mrs. Barbauld.....         | 1825         | 82          |
| Mrs. Piozzi.....           | 1821         | 82          |
| Mrs. Edgeworth.....        | 1849         | 82          |
| Mrs. Amelia Opie.....      | 1853         | 85          |
| Miss Birney.....           | 1840         | 88          |
| Hannah More.....           | 1833         | 88          |
| Joanna Bailey.....         | 1851         | 89          |
| Mrs. Carter.....           | 1806         | 90          |
| Jane West.....             | 1852         | 93          |
| Hon. Mrs. Moncton .....    | 1840         | 94          |
| Harriet Lee.....           | 1851         | 95          |
| Mrs. Garrick.....          | —            | 97          |
| Caroline L. Herschell..... | 1846         | 98          |

STATISTICS OF OLD AGE.—The census of 1850 shows that the oldest person then living in the United States was 140. This person was an Indian woman, residing in North Carolina. In the same State was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black slaves 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females from 106 to 114. In the parish of Lafayette, La., was a female, black, aged 120. In several of the States there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115. There were in the United States, in 1850, 2,555 persons over 100 years. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that age. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old; though the total population was near 36,000,000. Old age is, therefore, attained among us much more frequently than in France.

FAMOUS OAKS.—“The King Oak,” Windsor Forest, is more than a thousand years old, and quite hollow. Professor Burnet, who once lunched inside this tree, said it was capable of accommodating ten or twelve persons comfortably at a dinner-sitting.

“The Beggar’s Oak,” in Bagshot Park, is twenty feet in girth five feet from the ground. The branches extend from the tree forty-eight feet in every direction.

“The Wallace Oak,” at Ellerslie, near where Wallace was born, is twenty-one feet in circumference. It is sixty-seven feet high, and its branches extend forty-five feet east, thirty-six west, thirty south, and twenty-five north. Wallace and three hundred of his men are said to have hid themselves from the English among the branches of this tree, which was then in full leaf.

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THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—At the present time the population of the world is estimated to amount to 1,000,000,000 persons, speaking 3,064 languages, and professing 1,100 forms of religion. The average duration of human life is estimated at thirty-three years and six months. A quarter of the children born die before their seventh year, and one-half before their seventeenth. Out of the 1,000,000,000 persons living, 33,000,000 die each year, 91,000 each day, 3,730 each hour, sixty each minute, and, consequently, one every second. Calculating one marriage for every 120 persons of both sexes, and of all ages, 83,000,000 are celebrated annually.

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DELICACY OF EXPRESSION.—There was great delicacy in the manner in which a foreigner, having a friend executed for crime in this country, broke the intelligence to his relations on the other side of the water. He wrote as follows :

“Your brother had been addressing a large meeting of citizens, who had manifested the deepest interest in him, when the platform upon which he stood, being, as was subsequently ascertained, very insecure, gave way, owing to which, he fell and broke his neck !”

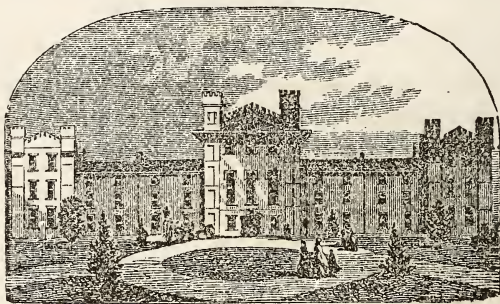


WRITE.—There is probably not another word in the English language that can be worse “twisted” than that which composes the burden of the ensuing lines:

Write we know is written right,  
When we see it written write:  
But when we see it written wright,  
We know 'tis not then written right;  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right nor wright,  
Nor yet should it be written rite,  
But *write*—for so 'tis written right.

“FELADELFY.”—“How do you spell Feladelfy?” asked a small city grocer of his partner one day, as he was sprinkling sand upon a letter which he was about to dispatch to the “City of Brotherly Love.” “Why, *F-e-l-a*, Fela, *d-e-l*, del, Feladel, *f-y* fy—Feladelfy.” “Then I’ve got it all right,” said the partner (in ignorance as well as in business), “I thought I might have made a mistake.”

COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN SCHOLARS.—In a notice of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the *Christian Spectator* (an English Journal) says: “As a rule, we believe American theological writers to be better versed in modern languages, and more deeply read in ancient literature—in other words, better and abler scholars—than the majority of theological writers in this country.”



# Mecklenburg Female College,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

## FACULTY.

REV. A. G. STACY, A. M.,

*President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Belles Lettres.*

JAMES L. JONES, A. M.,

*(Late President of the Southern Masonic Female College, Ga.) Professor of Mathematics, Natural Science, and Ancient Languages.*

J. FREDERICK RUECKERT,

*(Late of Baltimore,) Professor of Music, Vocal and Instrumental.*

MONSIEUR A. GAGNIER,

*(Late of the College de Rouen, France,) Professor of French.*

JOHNSON B. JONES, M. D.,

*Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.*

MRS. C. F. STACY,

*Superintendent of Social and Domestic Duties.*

MRS. ANNA L. WARREN,

*Assistant in Music.*

MRS. EMILY K. MOORE,

*Instructress in Drawing, Painting, etc.*

MISS MARY T. LEE,

*Instructress in Literary Department.*

MRS. EMMA L. RUECKERT,

*Principal of the Primary Department.*

## TRUSTEES:

|                                |                            |                                           |  |
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| MAJ. C. DOWD, <i>Chairman.</i> |                            | COL. J. Y. BRYCE, <i>Sec'y and Treas.</i> |  |
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| PROF. G. F. ROUND, A.M.        |                            | DR. C. J. FOX,                            |  |

## SESSIONS AND CHARGES.

The Collegiate year consists of ten scholastic months. There are two Sessions of twenty weeks each.

The Fall Session commenced October 1st, 1867. The Spring Session commenced at the expiration of the Fall Session, February 17th, 1868, and will end July 7th—Commencement Day. Next school year will commence October 1st, 1868.

CHARGES—Payable in United States currency; one half in advance, and the residue at the expiration of one half of the Session.

## PER SESSION.

Board and Tuition in the Regular Collegiate Course, with fuel, lights, and contingent fee..... \$103 00

Deduction made for cash, if payment be made entire in advance.

|                                                     |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Music on Piano or Guitar.....                       | 25 00 |
| Use of Piano.. ..                                   | 5 00  |
| Drawing....                                         | 13 00 |
| Painting in Oil.....                                | 25 00 |
| French, German, Italian, Latin, or Greek, each..... | 12 50 |

Other extras at low rates.

Washing at Laundress' rates.

Books and Stationery furnished in the Institution, for cash.

Each pupil will furnish one pair of sheets and pillow-cases, and a supply of table napkins.

## REMARKS.

During the year, embracing a part of 1867 and a part of 1868, one hundred and fifty-eight pupils, from several States have been enrolled.

THE FACULTY is complete, and is composed of able and accomplished Teachers.

## BUILDINGS, LOCATION, ETC.

The magnificent College building is, perhaps, the largest edifice devoted to female education in the Southern States, it being sufficient for the accommodation of at least three hundred resident pupils. The rooms are large, well furnished, and well ventilated, affording the inmates a view of both the rising and the setting sun.

The Study-hall is furnished with Desks of the most approved style.

The grounds are delightfully shaded with native oaks. They comprise an area of more than twenty acres, sixteen of which are within the enclosure. Ample space is thus afforded for recreation and exercise. The water is pure and cold.

Charlotte is one of the most healthy, pleasant, and flourishing cities in the South—a very important centre of intelligence, refinement and commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

## BOARDING.

The boarding department is under the immediate supervision of the President and his wife, who reside in the College building, and give their personal attention to the physical comfort of the young ladies, whether in sickness or in health. Pupils are regarded as members of *the family*, and the aim is to give them in the College a pleasant *home*.

## GYMNASIUM, ETC.

We call special attention to our GYMNASIUM, a spacious brick building, in rear of the College, where, on the European plan, the young ladies exercise the arms and chest by rolling huge balls, jumping ropes, throwing circular hoops, and engaging in many other kinds of Calisthenic exercises. We confidently believe that these health-giving diversions will gladden the hearts of our patrons, by preventing lassitude and emaciation, and planting roses on the cheeks of their daughters and wards.

The College edifice has about *six hundred feet in length of piazzas*, where the young ladies promenade when the weather is inclement. When it is pleasant, a portion of each day is devoted to strolls and sports on the College grounds, or to long walks amid new scenes—the pupils being attended by one of the Faculty when they go abroad.

Bathing accommodations are also provided, than which nothing can be more conducive to health, when judiciously used.

## UNIFORM.

Uniformity in dress is beautiful and economical. Pupils will, therefore, when they are away from the College premises, wear in winter, mazarine blue, (with black cloak, when a cloak is worn,) and hat trimmed with blue. In summer, the dress will be of white jaconet muslin.

The material for the uniform dress may be procured and made up in Charlotte after the arrival of the pupil.

Ordinarily, when young ladies are at the College, they may dress as they prefer, provided that they are always neat.

Finally, we are determined to be *thorough* in the instruction imparted. Our plan is to develope and discipline the mind by a full course of Mathematics, and to give to the mind thus prepared the *highest degree of adornment*.

Several of the leading Churches are represented in the Board of Trustees and in the Faculty.

For further information, address the President, Charlotte, N. C.



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
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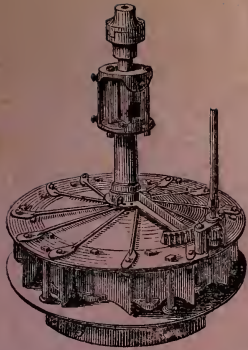




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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Vol. 1.]

JULY, 1868.

[No. 3.

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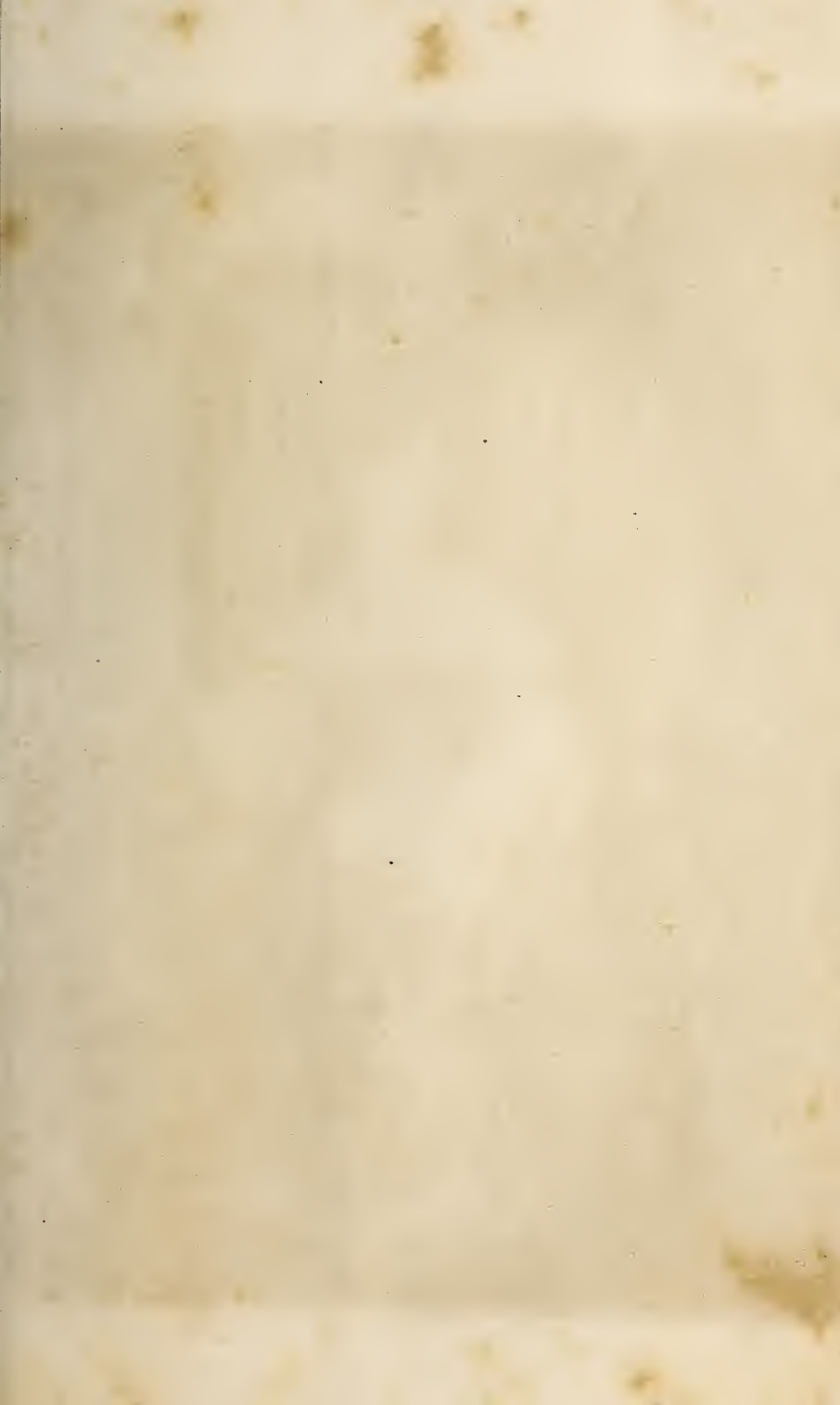
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# The Carrier Dove.

VOL. I.      CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY, 1868.      NO. 3.

## Department of the Gemesian Society.

MRS. MINER.

THE NIGHT COMETH AND ALSO THE MORNING.

T was a bitter cold night, in the middle of winter, when pioneers peopled the now flourishing towns and cities of Illinois, and the snow and sleet swept in fearful blasts over a small log house, that stood by itself on the edge of a broad sweep of prairie. It was somewhat protected by the dark background of forest trees, that rendered its appearance yet more desolate and gloomy, and the howl of the prairie-wolf mingled with the shrill cries of the wind, that ran through the whole gamut of weird forest music, and ended in a diapason of solemn grandeur, chilling the ear of the lonely watcher in the log cabin like the knell of death.

Such indeed it might be, for her lonely child lay before her raving in the delirium of fever, or dozing in that dull stupor which is so often the prelude to death. Mrs. Miner was a Christian, but she had never felt her faith so sorely tried as now; alone with her apparently dying child, without necessary medicine, and almost without food, the last tallow candle glimmering in its socket, it seemed to her that God must have forgotten her, or was making her punishment greater than she could bear. It had been hard enough, when less than a year before, her husband, young and strong, had been smitten with fever at one noon, and died at the next, leaving her alone and dependent; she had suffered and endured everything for the sake

of her child, but now he lay insensible to her cares, and the faith that had held her up so long gave way. She shut up the Bible she had only opened—not read—and walked up and down the small dim room, now listening to the wild roaring of the wind, now pausing to catch the incoherent prattle of her sick boy. She had never felt so utterly alone. She forgot there was room for her Saviour, even within those small limits. She forgot that angels tarried there unseen, a celestial, but ever-present company. The light went out suddenly, and left her in actual as well as spiritual darkness, and she drew near the bed, and clasped the hot hand of her child, and kissed his burning temples, and tried to feel indifferent—hardened to what might happen. O, Margaret Miner! how closely the tempter had you in his power, even while God was raising deliverance for you!

Harry wanted a drink of water, and his mother, fearful of the gloom, found some dry pine knots laid up under the roof, and made a bright fire of them; they blazed up with a wonderfully cheerful radiance, that streamed far out on the waste of snow and darkness, and scared the prowling wolves back to the forest.

They did more; amid the cold, and gloom, and driving sleet of that night, a pale, delicate man was wearily struggling, his path lost, his limbs enfeebled with the cold, his heart discouraged with the hours of hardship he had endured. It was so hard to lie down and die almost within reach of human aid—to be covered up in snow wreaths, or devoured by wolves, and his friends at home never to know when, or how, he had perished! He thought of his cheerful, pleasant fireside, his good, gentle wife, and his two precious babes. Why, they would be praying for him just then. It was the hour of their evening devotions. And what then? Was not God a hearer and answerer of prayer? And at any rate was he not in God's hands?—his agent to do his work? He dismissed his fears, and struggled on with a prayer in his heart, and just then, as if for an answer, a broad red light flashed out far ahead of him, and illumined the darkness with its smile. The weary man renewed his almost exhausted energies, grasped the heavy satchel he carried with his remaining strength, and in a short time stood before a log house, from whence the light issued. He cast one glance through the uncurtained window, and waiting not to knock ceremoniously, entered, and closed the door behind him. Margaret Miner was not startled by his abrupt entrance; she was too glad of the presence



of a human being in her loneliness; besides, she knew from his appearance he was an itinerant, and as such a welcome visitor. But when she scanned his face, she gave a great cry, and threw herself sobbing into his outstretched arms. O, Harry! brother Harry! she cried, has God indeed been so good?—and I never expected to see you again!

Let us thank him, said her brother reverently, and his lips moved in silent prayer, and the widow's heart joined in the petition.

You have a very sick child, her brother said, when he leaned over the boy and examined him: but fortunately I know something of the fever in this climate, and carry a stock of medicines with me. I see no fatal symptoms yet, and with God's help, Margaret, we will save him.

And they did; in less than two weeks Harry Miner was able to sit up and talk to his mother and uncle, and by the time spring had come, and his aunt and cousins had joined them, he was well and hearty, and could play with the rest of them. Margaret Miner never again lost faith in God, nor forgot that her necessity had been another's opportunity, and both had been blessed. Where that light shone on that stormy night, the itinerant brother built a church, and years after preached to a small, but earnest congregation, and his labors were blessed. He has gone to his reward, but to-day, on the same spot, stands a splendid modern edifice, and a goodly show of worshippers meet there on the Sabbath to hear their beloved pastor, who grew up among them, and yet is a young man. He is earnest, and unaffected, his whole soul is in the work he has to do; he spares no pet sin—defers not to fashion or wealth, bows only before the shrine of Deity, and lives as one should who feels the shortness of time and the solemn responsibility of life. He looks over his people with a fond appreciative affection, but there is a depth of tenderness in his reverent gaze for the loved, old-fashioned figure that sits at the head of the minister's pew. My mother! he says reverently to himself, and he knows that she has had much to do in making him what he is. But never in his life has he stood in such dark places, or felt the eternal presence so entirely withdrawn, as he did on that night which dawned to such a perfect morn.



## INTELLECTUAL POWER.

man is weak in his muscles; he is strong only in his faculties. In physical strength, how much superior is an ox or a horse to a man; in fleetness, the dromedary or the eagle! It is through mental strength only, that man becomes the superior and governor of all animals.

But it was not the design of Providence that the work of the world should be performed by muscular strength. God has filled the earth and imbued the elements with energies of greater power than all the inhabitants of a thousand planets like ours. Whence come our necessities and our luxuries? those comforts and appliances that make the difference between a houseless, wandering tribe of Indians, in the far West, and an Atlantic village? They do not come wholly or principally from the original, unassisted strength of the human arm, but from the employment, through intelligence and skill, of those great natural forces with which the bountiful Creator has filled every part of the material universe. Caloric, gravitation, expansibility, compressibility, electricity, chemical affinities and repulsions, spontaneous velocities,—these are the mighty agents which the intellect of man harnesses to the car of improvement.

The application of water, and wind, and steam to the propulsion of machinery, and to the transportation of men and merchandise from place to place, has added, ten thousand fold, to the actual products of human industry. How small the wheel which the stoutest laborer can turn, and how soon will he be weary! Compare this with a wheel driving a thousand spindles or looms, which a stream of water can turn, and never tire. A locomotive will take five hundred men, and bear them on their journey hundreds of miles in a day. Look at these same five hundred men, starting from the same point, and attempting the same distance, with all the pedestrian's or the equestrian's toil and tardiness. The cotton mills of one State will turn out more cloth in one day, than could have been manufactured by all the inhabitants of the eastern continent during the tenth century.

On an element which, in ancient times, was supposed to be exclusively within the control of the gods, and where it was deemed impious for human power to intrude, even there the gigantic forces of nature, which human science and skill have enlisted in their service, confront and overcome the raging of the elements,—breasting tempests and tides, escaping reefs and lee shores, and careering triumphantly around the globe. The velocity of winds, the weight of waters, and the rage of steam, are powers, each one of which is infinitely stronger than all the strength of all the nations and races of mankind, were it all gathered into a single arm. And all these energies are given us on one condition—the condition of intelligence—that is, of education.

Had God intended that the work of the world should be done by human bones and sinews, He would have given us an arm as solid and strong as the shaft of a steam engine; and enabled us to stand, day and night, and turn the crank of a steamship while sailing to Liverpool or Calcutta. Had God designed the human muscles to do the work of the world, then, instead of the ingredients of gunpowder or gun cotton, and the expansive force of heat, He would have given us hands which could take a granite quarry and break its solid acres into suitable and symmetrical blocks, as easily as we now open an orange. Had He intended us for bearing burdens, He would have given us Atlantean shoulders, by which we could carry the vast freights of rail-car and steamship, as a porter carries his pack. He would have given us lungs by which we could blow fleets before us; and wings to sweep over ocean wastes. But instead of iron arms, and Atlantean shoulders, and the lungs of Boreas, He has given us a mind, a soul, a capacity of acquiring knowledge, and thus of appropriating all these energies of nature to our own use. Instead of telescopic and microscopic eye, He has given us power to invent the telescope and microscope. Instead of ten thousand fingers, He has given us genius inventive of the powerloom and the printing-press. Without a cultivated intellect, man is among the weakest of all the dynamical forces of nature; with a cultivated intellect, he commands them all.

This is universally so. The mechanic sees it, when he compares the work of a stupid with that of an awakened mind. The traveler sees it, when he passes from an educated into an uneducated nation. There are countries in Europe, lying side by side, where, without

compass or chart, without bound or landmarks, we could run the line of demarcation between the two, by the broad, legible characters which ignorance has written on roads, fields, houses, and the persons of men, women, and children on one side, and which knowledge has inscribed on the other.

This difference is most striking in the mechanic arts; but it is clearly visible, also, in husbandry. Not the most fertile soil, not mines of silver and gold, can make a nation rich without intelligence. Who ever had a more fertile soil than the Egyptians? Who have handled more silver and gold than the Spaniards?

The universal cultivation of the mind and heart, is the only true source of opulence—the cultivation of the mind, by which to lay hold on the treasures of nature; the cultivation of the heart, by which to devote those treasures to beneficent uses. Where this cultivation exists, no matter how barren the soil or ungenial the clime, there comfort and competence will abound; for it is the intellectual and moral condition of the cultivator, that impoverishes the soil, or makes it teem with abundance. He who disobeys the law of God, in regard to the culture of the intellectual and spiritual nature, may live in the valley of the Nile, but he can rear only the “lean kine” of Pharaoh; but he who obeys these laws, may dwell in cold and inhospitable regions, and the “well-favored and fat-fleshed kine” shall feed on his meadows.

---

### THE EFFECTS OF SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and, when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer, and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.



## STREAMS.

Ye early minstrels of the earth,  
Whose mighty voices woke  
The echoes of its infant woods  
Ere yet the tempest spoke;  
How is it that ye waken still  
The young heart's happy dreams,  
And shed your light on darkened days,  
O bright and blessed streams!

Woe for the world! She hath grown old  
And gray in toil and tears;  
But ye have kept the harmonies  
Of her unfallen years.  
Forever in our weary path  
Your ceaseless music seems  
The spirit of her perished youth,  
Ye glad and glorious streams!

Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath  
Of many a sylvan scene;  
They tell of sweet and sunny vales,  
And woodlands wildly green.  
Ye cheer the lonely heart of Age,  
Ye fill the Exile's dreams  
With hope, and home, and memory,  
Ye unforgotten streams!

Too soon the blessed springs of love  
To bitter fountains turn;  
And deserts drink the stream that flows  
From Hope's exhaustless urn;  
And faint upon the waves of life  
May fall the summer beams;  
But they linger long and bright with you,  
Ye sweet, unchanging streams!

The bards, the ancient bards, who sang  
When thought and song were new,  
O, mighty waters! did they learn  
Their minstrelsy from you?  
For still, methinks, your voices blend  
With all their glorious themes,  
That flow forever, fresh and free,  
As the eternal streams.

Well might the sainted seer of old,  
Who trod the tearless shore,  
Like many waters, deem the voice  
The angel hosts adore;  
For still, where deep the rivers roll,  
Or far the torrent gleams,  
Our spirits hear the voice of God  
Amid the rush of streams.

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## MOSCOW.



THE City of Moscow, in the year 1812, was embraced within a circumference of about twenty-seven miles; it contained ten thousand houses, and a population of three hundred and fifty thousand souls, and was considered one of the most magnificent cities in Europe.

When, in his campaign of 1812, Napoleon advanced into the heart of Russia, it was at Moscow that those fearful reverses commenced which demoralized and destroyed his great army, and shattered the mighty empire he had constructed.

On the approach of Napoleon to Moscow, the Russian general, Kutusoff, determined, in spite of all remonstrances, to sacrifice the beautiful and populous city, in order that the integrity of the Russian empire might be preserved. All the public stores he had removed to a place of safety, and the greater part of the inhabitants, apprehending what was about to occur, abandoned the devoted city, taking with them as much of their movable property as they could carry. The Russian army, with all the sick and wounded who could be removed, retired to Kuluga, leaving in the hospitals only about two thousand invalids, who were in no condition to be transferred elsewhere. All the firemen and fire-engines had been sent out of the city, and before the arrival of the French the Governor, Count Rostopschin, set fire to his own beautiful country-seat, and this example was followed by many of the better class of the population, who determined that the French should not obtain possession of their property. The idea of destroying the city by fire soon became popular, and, though it has never been certainly

known how the terrible conflagration commenced, there can be very little doubt that the citizens were the original incendiaries.

The first night after the arrival of the French in Moscow, the large warehouses in the neighborhood of the Kremlin were in flames, and shortly afterward the fire broke out almost simultaneously in various parts of the city. Napoleon's orders were to subdue the flames, coupled with permission to pillage, where that object could not be effected, and no doubt this permission had much to do with the continuance of the conflagration.

The advance guard of the French entered Moscow on the 14th of September, and proceeded to the Kremlin; while passing along, a Russian peasant suddenly sprang forward and killed a Polish officer, whom he had taken for Napoleon. Some of the citizens prepared to defend the Kremlin, but Murat brought forward his cannon, and they fell a sacrifice to their despair. On the 15th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon entered with his guard, and took up his abode in the Kremlin. Very shortly after he was established there volumes of smoke rose at a distance, and flames proceeded from five hundred different points of the city. All attempts to extinguish the flames were fruitless—the whole city was on fire, and not an engine within reach that could be used for its extinguishment. As Napoleon left the Kremlin and retired to Castle Petrowski, about a league from the city, his last words were, "Where you cannot extinguish, plunder."

Moscow continued burning until September 21st, and it was not until the first of the following month that order was entirely restored. The destruction of the city roused the people to vengeance against the French, and the great army, in the midst of its plundered treasures, was soon deprived of the very necessities of life. Of one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers who had entered Moscow, Napoleon, in five weeks, had lost forty thousand. This loss rendered a retreat unavoidable, and that retreat was accompanied by renewed attempts at destruction by the French. After their departure, it was ascertained that, out of twenty-six hundred stone buildings in the city, but about five hundred remained, and about seventeen hundred, out of about seven thousand frame buildings, were unconsumed.

Notwithstanding this terrible calamity, in the course of nine years, Moscow had risen from its ruins in greater beauty than before.

## ANGEL WHISPERS.

Come to the land of peace!  
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!  
Come to the mingling of repose and love,  
Breath'd by the silent spirit of the dove.  
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright, and blest,  
And crown'd forever!—'midst that shining band,  
Gathered to Heaven's own wreath from every land,  
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone;  
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,  
The heart that rock'd thy childhood, back once more  
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left!  
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again  
All the home-voices, blest, in one sweet strain,  
Shall greet their long-bereft.

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept as o'er a willow's bough;  
Come to thy Father!—it is finish'd now;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode  
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,  
And O, bright victory!—death by love no place!  
Come, spirit! to thy God.



## FRESHMEN IN YALE COLLEGE IN 1764.

## EXTRACT FROM THE CODE OF LAWS.



T being the duty of the Seniors to teach Freshmen the laws, usages and customs of the college, to this end, they are empowered to order the whole of the Freshman class, or any particular member of it in order to be instructed or reproved at such time and place as they shall appoint; when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all questions, and behave decently. The Seniors, however, are not to detain a Freshman more than five minutes after study bell without special order from the President, Professor or Tutor.

The Freshmen as well as all undergraduates are to be uncovered, and are forbidden to wear their hats (unless in stormy weather) in the front door yard of the President's or Professor's house, or within ten rods of the person of the President, eight rods of a Professor, or five rods of a Tutor.

No Freshman shall wear a gown or walk with a cane, or appear out of his room without being completely dressed, and with his hat; and whenever a Freshman either speaks to a superior or is spoken to by one, he shall keep his hat off until he is bidden to put it on.

In case of a personal insult, a Junior may call up a Freshman and reprimand him. A Sophomore in like cases must obtain leave from a Senior, and then he may discipline a Freshman, not detaining him more than five minutes, after which the Freshman may retire, even without being dismissed, but must retire in a respectful manner.

When a Freshman is near a gate or door belonging to college or college yard, he shall look about and observe whether any of his superiors are coming to the same; and if any are coming within three rods, he shall not enter without a signal to proceed. In passing up or down stairs or through an entry or other narrow passage, if a Freshman meet a superior he shall stop and give way, leaving the most convenient side—if on the stairs the banister side.

Freshmen shall not run in the college yard, or up or down stairs, or call to any one through a college window. Upon entering the room of a superior they shall not speak until spoken to. They shall

not tarry in a superior's room after they are dismissed, unless asked to sit. They shall arise whenever a superior enters or leaves a room where they are, and not sit in his presence until permitted.

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### THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field  
In every human breast,  
Where two opposing forces meet,  
But where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,  
'Tis only seen by One  
Who knows alone where victory lies,  
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,  
Their chief of demon form;  
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,  
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,  
Whose troops watch night and day,  
Swift to detect the weakest point,  
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force  
Is but a little band;  
Yet there with an unquailing front,  
Those warriors firmly stand!

*Their* leader is a God-like form,  
Of countenance serene;  
And glowing on his naked breast  
A simple *cross* is seen.

His captains, FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE,  
Point to that wondrous sign;  
And gazing on it all receive  
Strength from a Source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth  
A truth as great as sure,  
That to be victors they must learn  
*To love, confide, endure.*

And when they win that battle-field,  
Past toil is quite forgot;  
The plain where carnage once had reigned,  
Becomes a hallowed spot;  
A spot where flowers of joy and peace  
Spring from the fertile sod,  
And breathe the perfume of their praise  
On every breeze—to God.

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## THE SORROWS OF THE CHEROKEES.

HAT can be more melancholy than the history of of the North American Indians? Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams, and the light of their council fires, might have been seen in every valley from the St. Croix to the Sabine, and from the ocean to the lakes. Now the winds of the Atlantic fan not a country they can call their own. We have heard their footsteps rustling like the leaves of autumn—and they are gone.

Everywhere fading away at the approach of the white man, they have passed mournfully by us to return no more forever. Of all the tribes who roamed in their native freedom over the American continent, none were more daring, none more constant, than the Cherokees. Little more than half a century ago, their council fires were kindled on the spots where stand our flourishing cities; their thick arrows and deadly tomahawks whistled through the forests that lately stood around; and their dark encampments and hunters' trace startled naught save the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors then stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days, while the aged sat down, but wept not. They believed they would soon be at rest in a happier home, where dwelt the Great Spirit—far beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. Their courage, fortitude, and sagacity, were astonishing. They shrunk from no dangers; they feared no hardships. They had the vices, but they also had the virtues of savage life. They were true to their country,

their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. Their vengeance was terrible, but their fidelity was unconquerable. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side the tomb. But where are they? They have passed away from the graves of their fathers and the homes of their hearts. It was in 1838. The last remnant of that once powerful tribe were driven from their mountain-homes in North Carolina, to seek a temporary resting-place beyond the Mississippi. There was that in their hearts which defied the power of speech. There was something in their looks that spoke not of vengeance, nor of submission, but of hard necessity, which defied both; which choked all utterance; which had no aim nor method. It was courage absorbed in despair. They lingered but for a moment; their look and step were onward, and soon they passed the "Father of waters" to return to the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers, no more forever!

But there is one star whose rays gild their sorrowing pathway—whose cheering influence inspires their hearts with hope, and points them out a better state. God's blessed word found its way into their midst; ere they were driven from their early homes, and while the "fire-water" and oppressions of the pale-faced man continued to scatter "fire-brands and death" among the many, a few took heed to this, as unto "a light that shineth in a dark place," and found that peace "the world cannot give." How unspeakably dear was this to their hearts when driven from their homes to the "far West!" A majority of the nation removed willingly, but a large minority were forced, literally forced, by armed troops, hunted up one by one, dragged into camp, and thence far away. Some years before their removal, characters had been invented, their language written, and a portion of the Holy Scriptures, with many excellent hymns, and a few other books translated for their use. How fondly they clung to these when stripped of almost everything else. The Indians were collected by the United States' troops, carried to camp, and kept under guard preparatory to their removal in the midst of summer. They took with them what few clothes they had, but scarce anything else; and the sight of their deserted cabins, their flourishing corn and fruitful beans; the howling of the dogs and piteous lowing of the cattle, produced a melancholy feeling that never can be forgotten. Rather than leave their country, scores of



them fled to the mountains, where many, alas! many, perished with hunger, and left their unburied bones to bleach in the sun. Weeks after the main body had been removed, one after another of those who had fled to the mountains would straggle into the settlements weak and emaciated almost to a skeleton, and piteously ask for bread. "Where is your wife?" "*Dead.*" "Where are your children?" "*Dead, too—die in the mountains—nothing to eat—ALL DIE!*" It was enough to melt a heart of stone! Such was the suffering, such the distress consequent upon the order for their removal, that officers and soldiers, while executing that order, were often seen to weep like children. Yes, hardy soldiers, who perhaps had not wept for years, would go to the cabin, seize the father and mother, and perhaps some of the older children, while the younger and more timid would flee to the fields or thickets to hide themselves; and on witnessing the deep, unaffected distress of the now ruined family, would sit down and weep as though their hearts would break. Many of the smaller children, who had fled and hid themselves on the approach of the soldiers, were found, and dragged from their hiding-places to accompany their parents; but many others *were never found*. Many a hearty, sprightly Indian child, whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, were all gone, never to return, was left to perish and die alone!

Of the many affecting scenes which came to my knowledge during the forcible removal of these hapless people, I select one. I knew the man well. He and most of his family were worthy members of the Methodist Church. He lived in a secluded part of the nation, among the mountains of North Carolina, and seemed to have formed his opinions of the white man, from his knowledge of the missionary of the cross, who had brought him the Gospel of Christ, baptized him into the Christian faith, and had so often afforded him the consolations of the blessed word. He was slow to believe he would ever be forced from his humble but quiet home; and some months elapsed ere he was molested. His was among the last families in all that region visited by the soldiers. But they came at last. An officer, with a guard and an interpreter, presented himself at the cabin door, and the old man was told that he and his family must go into camp immediately. As if doubting their sincerity, he hesitated, and offered several common-place excuses, such as his cattle and hogs were in the woods; he would lose his crop; his wife was

making cloth, none of which could be left. But finding these of no avail, with a heavy heart and sad countenance he made one request—just one—which he hoped would be granted. What was it? That he might be allowed to *pray in his cabin once more with his wife and children ere he left it forever!* It was granted. The old man took from a rude shelf a portion of the Scriptures, and some hymns that had been translated into his native tongue; he read, he sang, and kneeled to pray. He kneeled near the middle of the cabin floor, while his wife and children, eight in number, huddled closely around him. He stood upright on his knees; they bowed their heads to the floor. With a tremulous voice he began. First, he thanked God for life, health, and preservation; for the Gospel; for the privilege of reading His word, and calling on His name. Next, he prayed for the white man, all white men, especially those who persecuted the Indian and took his home; begged that God would pity and forgive them. He particularly mentioned those at the door; excused them in his prayer, because they had been commanded to do as they did. Then he prayed for the Indian—the poor Indian, as he called him—once strong and powerful, now feeble and weak; his property was gone; his land was gone; his home was gone; his friends were gone; *all was gone!* “O, good Spirit,” he cried, “O, blessed Jesus, help poor Indian; *he can't help himself any more!*”

The prayer was frequently interrupted by the groans and sobs of his family; and such was its earnestness, unaffected simplicity, and pathos, that the interpreter, though a wicked man, found it impossible to restrain his feelings, and cried aloud. The officer and soldiers, without understanding a word that was said, were overcome by the scene, and mingled their tears and sobs with those of the afflicted family. At the close of the prayer the officer bade the interpreter tell the Indian *he might come into camp whenever he chose;* and, turning away, declared he might be punished for disobedience, or even broken of his commission, but he *could not*, and *would not* lay hands on such a man, or such a family as that.


Reader, *that* Indian and his family were never removed west. He fairly prayed himself out of the hands of the troops; and long did he live, and, it may be, still lives at his quiet home in the mountains of Western North Carolina, to witness the truth, excellence, and power of our holy religion.

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## Department of the Philotechnic Society.

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### ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, a name long dear to the admirers of genius, and lovers of virtue, was born at the village of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, June 20th, 1743, the eldest child and only daughter of John Aiken, D. D., and Jane his wife, daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, of Kibworth, and descended by her mother from the ancient family of Wingate, of Harlington, in Bedfordshire.

That quickness of apprehension, by which she was eminently distinguished, manifested itself from her earliest infancy. Her mother thus writes respecting her, in a letter which is still preserved: "I once indeed knew a little girl who was as eager to learn, as her instructors could be to teach her, and who, at two years old, could read sentences and little stories in her *wise book*, roundly, without spelling, and in half a year more could read as well as most women; but I never knew such another, and I believe never shall."

Her education was entirely domestic, and principally conducted by her excellent mother, a lady whose manners were polished by the early introduction into good company, which her family connections had procured her; whilst her mind had been cultivated and her principles formed, partly by the instructions of religious and enlightened parents, and partly by the society of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, who was for some years domesticated under her paternal roof.

In the middle of the last century a strong prejudice still existed against imparting to females any tincture of classical learning; and the father of Miss Aiken, proud as he justly was of her uncommon capacity, long refused to gratify her earnest desire of being initiated into this kind of knowledge. At length, however, she in some degree



overcame his scruples; and with his assistance she enabled herself to read Latin authors with pleasure and advantage; nor did she rest satisfied without gaining some acquaintance with the Greek.

The love of rural nature sunk deep into her heart; her vivid fancy exerted itself to color, to animate, and to diversify all the objects which surrounded her; the few, but choice authors of her father's library, which she read and re-read, had leisure to make their full impression—to mould her sentiments and to form her taste; the spirit of devotion, early inculcated upon her as a duty, opened to her by degrees an inexhaustible source of tender and sublime delight, and while yet a child, she was surprised to find herself a poet.

Just at the period when longer seclusion might have proved seriously injurious to her spirits, an invitation, given to her learned and exemplary father, to undertake the office of classical tutor in a highly respectable dissenting academy at Warrington, in Lancashire, was the fortunate means of transplanting her to a more varied and animated scene. The removal took place in 1758, when Miss Aiken had just attained the age of fifteen, and the fifteen years passed by her at Warrington, comprehended probably the happiest, as well as the most brilliant portion of her existence. She was at this time possessed of great beauty, distinct traces of which she retained to the latest period of life. Her person was slender, her complexion exquisitely fair, with the bloom of perfect health; her features were regular and elegant, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the light of wit and fancy.

A solitary education had not produced on her its most frequent ill effects, pride and self importance; the reserve of her manners proceeded solely from bashfulness, for her temper inclined her strongly to friendship and to social pleasures; and her active imagination which represented all objects tinged with hues "unborrowed from the sun," served as a charm against that disgust with common characters and daily incidents, which so frequently renders the conscious possessor of superior talents at once unamiable and unhappy. Nor was she now in want of congenial associates. Warrington academy included among its tutors, men eminent both in science and literature. With several of these, and especially with Dr. Priestly, and Dr. Enfield, and their families, she formed sincere and lasting friendships. The elder and more accomplished among



the students composed an agreeable part of the same society, and its animation was increased by a mixture of young ladies, either residents in the town or occasional visitors, several of whom were equally distinguished for personal charms, for amiable manners, and cultivated minds. The rising institution, which flourished for several years in high reputation, diffused a classic air over all connected with it. Miss Aiken, as was natural, took a warm interest in its success, and no academic has ever celebrated his *alma mater* in nobler strains, or with a more filial affection, than she has manifested in that portion of her early and beautiful poem, "The Invitation," where her theme is, this "nursery of men for future years."

About the close of the year 1771, her brother, after several years of absence, returned to establish himself in his profession, at Warrington; an event equally welcome to her feelings, and propitious to her literary progress. In him she possessed a friend, with discernment to recognize the stamp of genius in her productions and anticipate their fame, combined with zeal and courage sufficient to vanquish her reluctance to appear before the public in the character of an author. By his persuasion and assistance, her poems were selected, revised and arranged for publication; and when all these preparations were completed, finding that she still hesitated and lingered, like the parent bird who pushes off her young to its first flight, he procured the paper, and set the press to work, on his own authority. The result more than justified his confidence of her success; four editions of the work were called for within the year of publication, 1773; compliments and congratulations poured in from all quarters; and even the periodical critics greeted her muse with unmixed applause.

She was not permitted to repose upon her laurels; her brother, who possessed all the activity and spirit of literary enterprise, in which she was deficient, now urged her to collect her prose pieces, and to join him in forming a small volume, which also appeared in the year 1773, under the title of "Miscellaneous pieces, in prose, by J. and A. L. Aiken." These likewise met with much notice and approbation, and have been several times reprinted.

In 1774, Miss Aiken was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a descendant of French Protestants. Mr. Barbauld soon after accepted the charge of a dissenting congregation at Palgrove,

near Diss, and announced his intention of opening a boarding school at the neighboring village of Palgrove, in Suffolk.

Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrove, Dr. Sayers repeatedly observed, that he most valued the lessons of English composition, superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, the boys were called, in separate classes, to her apartment; she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay to them, aloud, and then sent them back into the school-room, to write it out on their slates, in their own words. Each exercise was separately overlooked by her; the faults of grammar were corrected, the idle epithets were canceled, and distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of inditing and criticising were, in some degree, learned together. As it is, many a lad from the high schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline.

The department of geography was also undertaken by Mrs. Barbauld; and she relieved the dryness of a study, seldom rendered interesting to children, by so many lively strokes of description, and such luminous and attractive views of the connection of this branch of knowledge with the revolutions of empires, with national manners, and with the natural history of animals, that these impressive lectures were always remembered by her auditors less among their tasks than their pleasures.

For the use of her little Charles, an adopted son, she composed those "Early Lessons," which have justly gained for her the reverence and love of both parents and children; a work which, it may safely be asserted, formed an era in the art of early instruction, and stands yet unrivaled among unnumbered imitations. It was for the benefit of the younger class in school, that her "Hymns in Prose for Children" were written, in which it was her peculiar object, (to use her own words in the preface,) "to impress devotional feelings, as early as possible, on the infant mind; to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that he sees, all that he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight, and thus, by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life.'

None of her works is a fairer monument than this, of the elevation of her soul, and the brightness of her genius. While discarding the aid of verse, she every where burst forth into poetry; while

stooping to the comprehension of infancy, she had produced a precious manual of devotion, founded on the contemplation of nature, fitted to delight the taste, and warm the piety of the most accomplished minds and finest spirits.

In 1802, Mr. Barbauld accepted an invitation to become pastor of the congregation (formerly Dr. Price's,) at Newington Green, and quitting Hampstead, they took up their abode in the village of Stoke Newington. The sole motive for this removal, which separated them from friends to whom they were cordially attached, was the mutual desire of Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld to pass the closing period of their lives in that neighborhood which admits of the daily and almost hourly intercourses of affection. Here they passed the evening of their lives, which proved a long, though by no means an unclouded one; twenty years elapsed before the hand of death sundered this fraternal pair.

In 1804 she offered to the public a "Selection from the Spectator, Tattler, Guardian, and Freeholder, with a Preliminary Essay," in which she gave her name. This delightful production may be regarded as the most successful of her efforts in literary criticism; and that it should be so, is accounted for by the fact, that there are many sterling points of resemblance between her genius and that of Addison.

On the 11th of November, 1808, Mr. Barbauld died; and she had the fortitude to seek relief from dejection in literary occupation. In the following year she compiled for the use of young ladies an agreeable collection of verse and prose, entitled the "Female Speaker," and shortly after, produced "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," the longest, and perhaps the most highly finished of all her poems.

This was the last of Mrs. Barbauld's separate publications. No incident worthy of mention henceforth occurred to break the uniformity of her existence. She gave up all distant journeys; and confined at home, to a narrow circle of connections and acquaintances, she suffered life to slide away, as it were, at its own pace,

"Nor shook the outhasting sands, nor bid them stay."

An asthmatic complaint, which was slowly undermining her excellent constitution, more and more indisposed her for any considerable exertion either of mind or body. Her powers of conversation suffered little declension to the last, although her memory of recent circumstances became somewhat impaired.



A gentle and scarcely perceptible decline was now sloping for herself the passage to the tomb; she felt and hailed its progress as a release from languor and infirmity; a passport to another and higher state of being. Her friends, however, flattered themselves that they might continue to enjoy her yet a little while longer; and she had consented to remove under the roof of her adopted son, that his affectionate attentions and those of his family might be the solace of every remaining hour. But Providence had ordained it otherwise; she quitted indeed her own house, but whilst on a visit at the neighboring one of Mrs. Aiken, her sister-in-law, the constant and beloved friend of nearly her whole life, her bodily powers gave way almost suddenly; and after lingering a few days, on the morning of March 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age.

In the beautiful language of Mrs. Barbauld herself, we may add:

So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore."

To claim for this distinguished woman the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connections, the course of her life, the whole tenor of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer commendation to add, that no one ever better loved "a sister's praise," even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem and affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and in many instances essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence. She loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they



had quitted her, to recall herself, from time to time, to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love, not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family, will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is believed, a single friendship, and without having drawn upon herself a single enmity which could properly be called personal.

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### THE MORNING.



OW tranquil is the air, and how mild its temperature! It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the "morning of life." But the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about.

Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day," this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to

himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise, "with healing in his wings," a rising sun which shall scatter life, *health*, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I love the morning, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

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#### YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

Higher, higher, will we climb,  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story.  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers—he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge—  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil  
Win from school and college ;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press,  
In the path of duty,  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence, true beauty ;  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit  
In the wildest weather :  
Oh, they wander wide, who roam  
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer, bands of love  
Draw our souls in union,  
To our Father's house above,—  
To the saints' communion;  
Thither every hope ascend,  
There may all our labors end.

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## A BEAUTIFUL NARATIVE.



NOTHING in the whole range of human history or romance is so full of strange occurrences and touching incident, as that which combined to bring about the fulfilment of Joseph's dreams. He was the son of Rachel, whom Jacob always designated by the appellation, "*My wife*;" the *other* was none of his choosing, and hence had none of his love. As it was natural, after the death of his wife, his affection all concentrated in her two children. Joseph was the eldest, and beautiful as he was brave and good. The old man could not conceal his partiality for the boy, and lavished on him the choicest presents in his power to bestow, and decked him out in a gay coat—thus selecting him from all his brethren to receive the special marks of his favor. Their hatred and envy on this account were greatly augmented when he, in his innocence, related two dreams; one in which their sheaves stood up around his sheaf, and made obeisance to it; and the other, where the sun, moon, and stars did him reverence;—the only interpretation of which was, that he should be lord over his brethren, and honored even by his father.

So, once, whilst pasturing their flocks in Shechem, seeing Joseph—who had been sent by their father to inquire after their welfare—approaching, they said: "Here comes this dreamer: let us finish him at once, and see what will become of his dreams." Reuben interfered, on the ground that it was monstrous to shed the boy's blood, and persuaded them to fling him into a pit, doubtless with a view to liberate him privately. When the unsuspecting Joseph was first made to comprehend the full extent of the wrong meditated against him, he could hardly believe it true. But as they harshly

stripped off his parti-colored coat, and roughly dragged him towards the mouth of the pit, he could no longer doubt, and begged most piteously for life. He besought them by the ties of brotherhood, for their father's sake, for *pity's* sake, not to cast him alone down that fearful abyss. His prayers and tears were alike unavailing, and they thrust him harshly into the dark entrance, and his agonizing shrieks gave way to low moans of despair.

At length, however, seeing a company of Ishmaelites passing by, they concluded to sell him; and then, dipping his coat in the blood of a kid, they took it back to their father, saying, "We found this in the field, all bloody and torn, as you see it;—is it Joseph's?" "Yes," replied the afflicted father, "it is Joseph's: a wild beast has devoured him." And he rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth, and mourned bitterly. All his friends endeavored to comfort him, but he repelled their sympathy, declaring he would go broken-hearted to his grave.

In the meantime, Joseph was taken to Egypt, and sold to one of the officers in the king's army. It is not common for the Bible to stoop to compliment one's personal appearance, but it says that "Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored." Possessed of a fine, noble form, and handsome face, his manly beauty brought him into trouble. Hurlled from his place of trust, and cast into prison without leave to defend himself, he suffered not only the miseries of a dungeon for two years, but the mortification of knowing that his character was ruined—his truth and virtue all gone in the eyes of the world. Ah! his brothers were right enough in calling him "a vain dreamer." His little role is played out, and the great world of strife and toil moves on without his prison walls, and he is forgotten for ever. Thus might he reason; but the sleepless eye of One above human events did not forget him. Pharaoh must have a troubled dream, and Joseph be the only one to interpret it. From the hard floor of a dungeon he mounts to the chariot of Pharaoh, and the neglected prisoner of a captain of the guard becomes first lord of all Egypt. Ah! when Pharaoh's wife saw him in the king's chariot, invested with regal power, how that false woman must have trembled for herself and husband. The man she had basely maligned and imprisoned, was now where he could strike *any* enemy down. His hour of revenge had come; and in the suspense she endured day after day, expecting her exposure and



and humiliation, she received the punishment of her crime. But Joseph cast her from his memory, as he would a reptile from his path, and bent all his energies during the seven years of plenty to hoard enough for the seven years of famine that were to follow. Why, in the plenitude of his power and success, he never sent to his father, to tell him of his existence and prosperity, we are not informed. Nor does it matter—we only know that the complicated plot was not to end thus. That he thought of his father and his home—that he wished to know if he were still alive, and feared that he might die before he could weep on his neck, may well be imagined.

But time passed on, and by long famine the land was withered up—the crops failed, and the hoarded grain of the years that had passed was exhausted.

It is then, when the sons of Jacob came to Egypt to buy corn, that we for the first time begin to see how the tangled web of events is to be unraveled, and catch a glimpse of the way the riddle is finally to resolve itself.

Those envious brothers stand in the presence of the lord of Egypt without recognizing him. *He* has changed since they tore him from their side, and dragged him shrieking to the pit. The beautiful boy has become the well-developed and noble man; and clothed, not in “a coat of many colors,” but in the royal apparel of the chief man in the realm, he looks himself “every inch a king.” But the shepherds of Shechem have not so changed—they look just as they did when he plead beseechingly for life, and he recognizes them at a glance. He has not forgotten the unspeakable anguish of the last moment his eyes fell upon them. As he turned to them, one after another, in his touching prayer for mercy, the face of each became daguerreotyped on his heart forever. *He knows them*, and speaks harshly to them—they are spies—they are anything but honest men. When, to repel this charge, they honestly told their history, and spoke of their family—referring to Joseph as dead, and Benjamin as with their father—he declared, by the life of Pharaoh, that he would not believe them, unless they brought that younger brother down. He imprisoned them three days, and then released them, on condition that one should remain bound with him, as surety that the rest should return with Benjamin. He spoke to them in Egyptian, and they, supposing he did not understand Hebrew,

conversed with each other in an under-tone. Remorse and self-reproach had at length awoke, and they said: "This is the punishment for having treated our brother Joseph so. We saw his anguish when he plead with us, but would not hear; and now his blood is required of us!" This was striking a tender chord in Joseph's breast, and calling back a whole world of associations. In a moment, Egypt, and Pharaoh's court, and his own glory, all disappeared from sight, and he saw only his father's white tent and the sweet fields of Canaan. Nature tugged heavily at his heart-strings, and the choking sensation in his throat told him that his self-control was fast vanishing before the swelling tide of fraternal and filial love, and he retreated hastily to his room. There giving vent to his emotions in sobs and tears, he washed himself and returned.

When they again arrived at home, and told their father what had happened, the old man's fears were aroused, and he exclaimed, "Ye have bereaved me of my children: Joseph is dead, and Simeon gone, and now ye will take away Benjamin also. All these things are against me. He shall not go; for if any mischief befall him, you will bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." Not to save Simeon will he risk Benjamin. They ceased entreating, and waited to see how the famine would affect him.

The little ruse the old man practised, some time after—so natural and yet so easily detected—lets us into his character at once. After days and weeks has passed away, and want began to stare him in the face, he spoke in the most ordinary, indifferent manner, as if the whole affair of Benjamin had been forgotten—indeed, was not worth being referred to again, saying, "Go down into Egypt and buy more corn." "No," said Judah, "we cannot, we *will* not go without Benjamin." With the petulance and unreasonableness of old age, when it finds its structure of straw, reared with so much pains and cunning, suddenly demolished, he exclaimed, "Why did you tell him that you had a brother? Why deal so ill with me?"

It was useless, however, to contend with famine. Without corn, Benjamin and all must die; and the troubled patriarch, after receiving the solemn oaths of his sons to bring him back, at last consented. To bless him and send him away, was a task almost too great for his strength. Joseph was long since dead, Rachel was dead, and Simeon a captive. The boy Benjamin—the child of his

old age—the only relic of the wife he had so long and so deeply loved—the last nestling on the roof-tree to cheer the evening of his days—the only object that made the world bright to him, must then go to a foreign land, to meet, perchance, the fate of Simeon and of Joseph. How the doting father, when he found he could no longer shrink from the fatal blow, grasped at everything that could add to the security of his child. “Take,” said he, “the choicest fruits of the land, and carry them down to the man as a present; and a little balm, and a little honey, and spices, and myrrh, and nuts, and almonds. Perhaps when he sees these little presents from the old man, he will pity his loneliness and be kind to his boy.”

At length, after having done all within his power, he shook off, by a strong effort, the anxious parent, and rising to the dignity of the man of God, said: “Go, and God Almighty give you mercy before the man. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.”

The light of his heart, the joy of his life, is at length gone. The patriarch stands in the door of his tent—his white locks falling on his shoulders—and watches the fair form of his boy receding in the distance, until at last a clump of trees shuts him from sight. Even then he does not turn away, but lingers a long time, gazing with an ashen cheek, and tremulous lip, on the spot where he last saw his idol; and then he bows himself in prayer to the God of his fathers. Oh! how he laid before him the promises he had made—how he pressed the pledge that had been given.

Wearily and sadly passed the days to Jacob; the nestling was gone from his bosom—the light of his tent departed. That tent was now desolate; the whole world looked lonely; his very herds moved sorrowfully over the fields; the sky, the cloud, the earth, had suddenly changed their aspect.

While Jacob and his sons are in this state of ignorance and suspense, it is pleasant to turn to Joseph, who alone manages the whole plot. But he had overestimated his self-control; for, when his brethren again stood before him, and gave him the presents and money of his father, and he saw Benjamin with them, his heart beat with a violence that mocked the mandates of his will. That beautiful boy, with his open, affectionate countenance, was “*his mother’s son*,” his only brother, and his whole nature reached forth towards him. He could only say, “Is this the brother of whom



ye spake? God be gracions to thee, my son!" and rushed out of the room to hide the tears that could not be stayed. In the solitude of his chamber, he relieved his burdened heart, and returned with a composed mien into their midst. He had the whole of them with him at dinner; yet even here his love, which clamored so loudly for expression, could not help revealing itself. He piled on Benjamin's plate—boy though he was—five times as much as on any of the others. The look of innocent wonder with which he met this extravagance, again and again brought the tears into Joseph's eyes. Ah! how blind they were, not to see that he was *devouring* that child with his looks, and that every motion was an effort to restrain himself from snatching him to his bosom.

Having passed this trial safely, he sent them away, with their sacks full of corn—ordering the steward to put the silver cup into Benjamin's sack, and then, as soon as they had left the city, to pursue after and charge them with stealing it. He did so; and the brothers, knowing themselves innocent, bade him search, saying that he in whose sack it was found, should be his lord's bondman or ever. Begining at the eldest, he opened one sack after another with the same success, until at last none but Benjamin's remained. All anxiety had now ceased on their part, for they knew that little Benjamin could not steal. It was a mere matter of form, opening *his* sack; but lo! the first object that met their astonished eyes, was that glittering cup. Alas, alas! they had just been congratulating themselves on their good fortune. With plenty of corn, and Benjamin with them, they were on their return route to their father. Their fears had all given way to delightful contemplations, when lo! their hopes were thus suddenly dashed, and Benjamin, on their own conditions, was to be a bondman for life. With rent clothes and despairing hearts they returned to the city, and prostrating themselves before their lord, made no excuse, but offered themselves at once as slaves. This was all he could ask, and the worst was over. Not so. Joseph declared he would have none but the culprit—the rest might return to their father. What, go back without Benjamin! Such an alternative was worse than death, and Judah roused himself to one desperate effort to avert the catastrophe. Rising and approaching Joseph, he begged him not to be angry, but hear him; he then commenced a most tender, touching appeal to his feelings and his affections. Ah, *that was quite unnecessary;*



poor Benjamin, as he stood silent and wretched, the innocent cause of all this misery, the tears trickling down his cheeks, was making that appeal with ten thousand tongues, till Joseph himself turned paler than his brethren. But, swallowing down by a convulsive effort his rising emotions, he stood with compressed lips, and knitted brow and heaving chest, awaiting the issue. Judah then went on to remind him that he had questioned them of their father and family; and when they had honestly told him all—even of their brother Benjamin, he had commanded them to bring him down to Egypt. Said Judah, "I told my father this, but he would not let him come. And when he besought us again to go and buy food we refused, unless Benjamin accompanied us. He replied, you know my wife bare me two sons, and one went out from me, and was torn in pieces, for I have never seen him since; and now if you take this one away also, and mischief befall him, you will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." In this simple and earnest manner, he went on pleading for his aged father and for Benjamin, in such touching language, that the heart of a stranger would have melted. Joseph listened to the recital—saw the picture Judah drew of his father, and when he came to speak of how dearly that father still loved his long-lost son Joseph, and the sorrow and wretchedness that now threatened his declining years, he could no longer restrain himself. The swelling tide of feeling that had so long been kept back, now rushed the wilder for the force that had been laid upon it, and he cried with a loud voice, "Let every man leave me; and he stood alone with his brothers. He then burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and sobbed so loud and convulsively, that the court of Pharaoh heard him. After the first gust of feeling had passed by, he exclaimed, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen at their feet, they could not have been more astounded, and they stood silently looking on each other—while consternation, shame, remorse and hope agitated them by turns. But there was no place in Joseph's bosom for anger, and he endeavored to console them by saying it was all for the best that they had sold him. God had ordered it aright. He then snatched Benjamin to his bosom, and covered him with caresses, and the two brothers lay a long time in each other's embrace, weeping.

All this time, Jacob was counting the days that should bring

Benjamin back; and when at last the little caravan heaved in sight, how his heart beat as he saw him riding safely in the midst. In the fulness of his joy at his safe return, Judah told him that Joseph was yet alive, and was lord of Egypt. The shock proved almost too much for his aged frame—the blood sallied back to his heart, and he fainted. When he at length revived, he said, “It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive, I will go down and see him before I die.” And he did go down, and Joseph came in his chariot to meet him. Of that interview we cannot speak. An aged father taking to his bosom a long-buried son, and a noble son murmuring on that bosom, in the midst of his tears, “*My father, my father,*” answered only by the tremulous “*God bless thee, my son,*” is one of the holiest sights this earth presents. The rapture of that moment compensates for years of pain. The Bible says that Joseph “*wept on his neck a good while.*” How simple the declaration, and yet how full of meaning. “*A good while!*” yes, the garnered affection of years, the hoarded treasures of the heart, all it had suffered and all it had hoped, were not to be uttered in a short embrace.

THUS was the double dream fulfilled.

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### THE RAINBOW.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;  
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,  
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song;  
To all who beheld it these verses belong;  
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!  
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
That Bow from my sight pass'd forever away;  
Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,  
That Bow from remembrance can never depart.


'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined,  
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind:  
A part of my being beyond my control,  
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

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## Miscellaneous Department.

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### THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.



ORTUNES have been swept away; we are nearly all poor. Many who were born and reared in affluence, now find it difficult to get bread, while those who were always poor are poorer still. This change in our condition must give rise to a change in our conduct—our system of social and political economy. We can no longer live the life of ease to which we have been accustomed. We must work or perish.

Here we are met with a difficult and perplexing question. If we are to plan and toil for a living, how can we at the same time acquire a thorough and finished education, and maintain and cultivate refinement and taste? Does not labor necessarily engender indifference to all that is æsthetic—the elegant and ornamental? It may be that such is the tendency; but how is it in regard to idleness? Is not the want of employment in direct antagonism to all that promotes high civilization? Without *industry*, patient and untiring, we can make but little progress in either the useful or fine arts.

Notwithstanding this, it is certainly important that girls especially should be exempted from all those pursuits which are unsuited to the female character. They must be kept away from the forge and the anvil; from the hod and the trowel; from the plane and the saw; and, might we not add, from the plough and the hoe? We are aware that in many instances it is thought necessary for the farmer's daughters to work in the field, especially during the busy season. It *may*, in some cases, be a necessity, but we believe that even in the poorest families some kind of remunerative in-door work might be substituted for this field toil, which nature seems to have allotted to the more stalwart sex.

In our towns and cities ladies are frequently employed in stores and shops, and many of them are expert and successful in business.

A position of this kind is, as we think, altogether undesirable. A woman of some age and experience may perhaps be brought into mercantile relations with all sorts of people without the loss of that delicacy of thought and demeanor which characterize our Southern ladies; but we always feel concern and solicitude for a girl whose sphere of action is behind the counter. Is she not in danger of falling into that pertness and boldness of manner which we all deprecate?

To illustrate: A gentleman while making some morning purchases stepped into one of our city markets. He stopped before a flower-stand, and pointing to a plant said to the buxom dame in attendance, "Ma'am, will you inform me what they call this pretty flower?" "Nothing that you want," said the woman, "or else you'd know the name of it." With no reply he proceeded farther, and stopping before another stand of a like character asked of the attendant, "Pray, is not this pretty flower a geranium?" "Why, yes; what did you take it for—an oak tree?" Verily, thought he, I am fallen into a nest of brambles; but going farther, he stopped before a third stall, the superintendent of which, with jaunty cap and ribbons stood ready to dispose of her goods and smart speeches. He politely inquired the way out of the market, and was quickly answered, "Why, the same way you came into it, I guess." The gentleman turned on his heel, and as he walked away an approving chorus of laughter from the surrounding market people, who admired the girl's *spirit*, greeted his ears.

We do not present these as fair specimens of saleswomen in our cities, but to bring to view a certain class of persons whom, it is to be feared, girls in marts of trade may be led to imitate.

We may be allowed, in this connection, to allude to the employment of females in cotton factories and establishments of like nature. This may frequently be the least of two evils, and can only be justified on the ground of the sheer necessity which sometimes forces the operative into such employment. It is incomparably better to work in a factory than to starve in idleness.

But what is there in this daily, monotonous round of labor to enlighten or elevate the employee? The associations, too, are not always the most desirable. We think something might be done to improve the condition of factory girls. Successful plans for in-



tellectual and moral improvement might, doubtless, be adopted; but home-work, if it is not sheer drudgery, is to be preferred.

Finally, we reach the conclusion that there must be in the South, a new order of things; the young people—even the girls—must become, as far as possible, self-supporting. They must not despise the milk-maid's song and work; they must learn to use the scissors and ply the needle understandingly; their nimble fingers must be taught to execute in the best style the useful and the beautiful in handicraft; and, in all ways that are creditable and elevating, they must be ready to render aid in the support of the family.

But we must not descend from the high position which Southern women have already reached. That which is especially utilitarian must not detract in the least degree from our efforts and attainments in the department of elegant accomplishments. The two are by no means incompatible, the one with the other. What is required in our present circumstances, is the wise employment of time and resources; the improvement of many hours and opportunities which in former days were thrown away. Substantial education with the highest degree of adornment, coupled with industrious and self-reliant habits in all that is utilitarian.

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TRANSCENDENTALISM.—A very intelligible (?) definition of this word is given by one who is, we think, himself a transcendentalist. It is, he tells us, the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility connected with concutient ademption of incolumnient spirituality and etherealized contention of subsultory concretion.

An eminent lawyer belonging to the New York bar gives a better, though less "highfalutin," idea of the word than this. Transcendentalism, he says, is two holes in a sand-bank—a storm washes away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes.

"Who is that pretty girl?" asked a well-known Boston divine, the other evening, at a wedding. "That is Miss Glass," answered a friend. "Let the young men of Brooklyn beware of such an intoxicating Glass," was the quick response.



## OUR NEXT NUMBER.

OUR next issue will contain an account of the Annual Examination and Commencement, July 2—7. We are now looking forward to those trying days with great interest and solicitude. Compositions! What to write about? How to write? When to begin? When to quit? These are the questions which perplex the girls at Mecklenburg just at this time.

We are told that there is nothing more important in all the range of College effort and improvement than the writing and reading of Compositions. Here we have all in one—the fruit or product of all the various branches of study.

Should school girls be required to read Compositions as a regular part of school duty, and should they be expected to read their productions at the Commencement? Some have supposed that to stand up before a large auditory and read is putting the fortitude of the young lady to too severe a test. The reply is, that while girls should be trained up to be strictly modest in all their intercourse—with society—they should, nevertheless, be taught to have some confidence in themselves. It is further insisted that to appear before an audience and read is no greater tax upon a young lady's moral courage than to appear before the public in a solo in a musical entertainment. One of these positions is as conspicuous as the other. It is further urged that patrons and the public should be as much concerned to hear exhibitions of proficiency in Reading and Composition as to hear performances in Music. The latter is a high accomplishment, and justly deserves the importance attached to it in this and other institutions, but other branches of learning also have their claims upon our time and attention.

Thankful for the very cordial reception which "THE CARRIER DOVE" has received in various localities, at every point of the compass, we are solicitous at least to sustain our reputation.

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The present number has been delayed that full information might be given in regard to the next Scholastic year, commencing October 1st, 1868.

### NAMES OF DAYS--THEIR ORIGIN.



HE idols which our Saxon ancestors worshiped, and from which the days of the week derive their names, were various, and the principal object of their adoration.

*The Idol of the Sun.*—The idol which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillar, holding with outstretched arms a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially

dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Deag*; hence is derived the word Sunday.

*The Idol of the Moon.*—The next was the idol of the moon, which they worshiped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Deag*—and since by us, Monday. The form of the idol is intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat and hood, and two long ears.

*The Idol of Tuisco.*—Tuisco was at first deified as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in the course of time he was worshiped as the son of earth. From this came the Saxon words *Tuisco Deag*, which we call Tuesday. He is represented standing on a pedestal, as an old venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a sceptre in the right hand.

*The Idol of Woden, or Odin.*—Woden, or Odin, was one of the supreme divinities of the Northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country or at what time is not known. His exploits form the greater part of the mythological creed of the northern nations, and his achievements were magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day in the week, called by the Saxon's *Woden's Deag*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude, clad in armor, with a broadsword uplifted in his right hand.

*The Idol Thor.*—Thor was the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, and was, after his parents, considered the greatest god among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Deag*, and by us Thursday, was conse-



crated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were twelve bright burnished gold stars, and with a regal scepter in his right hand.

*The Idol of Friga, or Frega.*—Friga, or Frega, was the wife of Woden, or Odin, and next to him, the most revered divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes, and other northern nations. In the most ancient times Friga, or Frega, was the same with the goddess Hortha, or Farth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friag's Deag*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand and a bow in her left.

*The Idol Seater.*—The idol Seater is represented on a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp, prickled back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand was a pail of water wherein were flowers and fruit; and his dress consisted of a long coat, girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Deag*, which we call Saturday. Thus the days of our week are derived from heathen ideas and heathen worship.

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MALE COLLEGES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A committee of the Williams Society of Inquiry, at Davidson College, in this State, gives the following interesting items in reference to our Colleges:

There are at Trinity College one hundred and thirty students; eighty-five of whom are members of the church, sixteen candidates for the ministry, and two for Foreign Missions.

Wake Forest has sixty-five students; of whom thirty-three are members of the church. Of said thirty-three, thirteen are preparing for the Christian ministry.

At Chapel Hill, fifteen out of seventy students are members of the church, and four studying with a view to the ministry.

The number of students now in attendance at Davidson College is fifty-three; of whom thirty-six are members of the church, and fourteen candidates for the ministry.



## THE OLD GREEN LANE.

'Twas the very merry summer time  
That garlands hills and dells,  
And the south wind rung a fairy chime  
Upon the fox-glove bells;  
The cuckoo staid on the lady-birch  
To bid her last good-bye—  
The lark spung over the village church,  
And whistled to the sky,  
And we had come from the harvest sheaves,  
A blithe and tawny train,  
And tracked our path with poppy-leaves  
Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a summer-day  
And we were a happy set,  
And we idly bent where the streamlet went  
To get our fingers wet;  
With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,  
And the woodbine twining through;  
With the broad trees meeting everywhere,  
And the grass still wet with dew.  
Ah! we all forgot, in that blissful spot,  
The names of care and pain,  
As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot,  
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh  
As I think of that hour  
When my heart in its glee but seemed to be  
Another woodside flower;  
For though the trees be still as fair,  
And the wild bloom still as gay—  
Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,  
And Heaven as bright a day;  
Yet the merry set are far and wide,  
And we ne'er shall meet again—  
We shall never ramble side by side  
Along that old green lane.



## THE RESURRECTION.

ARVELOUS disclosure! that this mortal frame, decomposed and resolved into its original dust, shall yet start from its ashes, remodeled and reconstructed—"a glorified body!" Not like "the earthly tabernacle" (a mere shifting and movable tent, as the Word denotes), but incorruptible, immortal! The beauteous transformation of the insect from its chrysalis state—the buried seed springing up from its tiny grave to the full-eared corn or gorgeous flower—these are

Nature's mute utterances as to the possibility of this great truth which required the unfoldings of "a more sure word of prophecy." But the Gospel has fully revealed what reason in her loftiest imaginings could not have dreamt of. Jesus "hath brought life and immortality to light." He, the Bright and Morning Star, hath "turned the shadow of death into the morning." He gives in his own resurrection the earnest of that of his people; He is the first-fruits of the immortal harvest yet to be gathered into the garner of heaven. Precious truth! this word of Jesus spans like a celestial rainbow the entrance to the dark valley. Death is robbed of its sting. In the case of every child of God, the grave holds in custody precious, because redeemed, dust. Talk of it not as being committed to a dishonored tomb! it is locked up, rather, in the casket of God until the day "when he maketh up his jewels," when it will be fashioned in deathless beauty like unto the glorified body of the Redeemer. Angels meanwhile are commissioned to keep watch over it, till the trump of the archangel shall proclaim the great "Easter" of creation; they are the reapers waiting for the world's great "Harvest Home," when Jesus Himself shall come again; not as he once did, humiliated and in sorrow, but rejoicing in the thought of bringing back all his sheaves with him.

## ITEMS.

A YOUNG Indian girl who, with great interest, had watched the marking of barrel heads in a flouring mill in Winona, Minn., stole in one day while the employees were at dinner, and ornamented her blanket with "E—G—'s Choice," and then paraded the streets to her own intense satisfaction, the amusement of the public, and the disgust of the owner of the mill, who is an old bachelor, and had made no such "choice."

---

SENSIBLE.—A Chicago broker, famous for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad the other day, and sat down at the end of the last car, because he considered the use of the money worth something while the conductor was coming through the cars.

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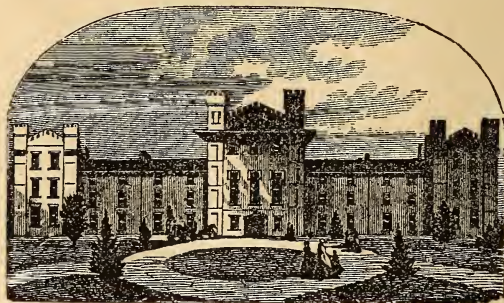
EXCEPT some professed scholars, I have often observed that women read much more than men; but for want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themselves or others.—*Gibbon*.

---

THE total annual circulation of newspapers in the United States is now estimated to be 1,500,000,000. In great Britain it is 500,000,000—just one-third of that of the United States.

---

A CHILD of Lowen Pierce, of Jamaica, Vermont, only four months old, has been for some weeks able to talk, its countenance and phrenological developments indicating three times that age.



CATALOGUE  
OF THE  
FACULTY, TRUSTEES AND PUPILS  
OF  
**Mecklenburg Female College,**  
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA,  
FOR THE  
**COLLEGIATE YEAR 1867-'68.**

SANS DIEU RIEN.

TRUSTEES:

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W. M. MILLS, Esq.

M. L. WRISTON, Esq.

COL. C. M. RAY,

WM. T. SHIPP, Esq.

T. D. GILLESPIE, Esq.



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FACULTY,

FOR THE

Scholastic Year Commencing October 1st, 1868.

---

REV. A. G. STACY, A. M.,

*President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Belles Lettres.*

JAMES L. JONES, A. M.,

*Professor of Mathematics, Natural Science, and Ancient Languages.*

JOHNSON B. JONES, M. D.,

*Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.*

PROF. G. G. HENSLER,

*Music—Vocal and Instrumental.*

MISS LU. C. HUGHES,

*Assistant in Music, and Instructress in Literary Department.*

MISS IDA J. WHITAKER,

*Literary Department.*

MRS. M. E. F. BIONENO,

*Drawing, Painting, and other Ornamental Branches.*

MISS MARY E. WALSH,

*Primary Department.*

---

A. BETHUNE, Esq., *Steward.*

MRS. A. BETHUNE, *Matron.*

## NAMES OF PUPILS.

|                             |                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Miss D. Anna Alexander..... | North Carolina.  |
| Emma Allison.....           | Charlotte, N. C. |
| F. Ahrens.....              | " "              |
| Oleona M. Andrews. ....     | " "              |
| Lizzie M. Bailey.....       | South Carolina.  |
| Eunice H. Bailey.....       | " "              |
| S. Alice Bailey.....        | " "              |
| Anna E. Beam.....           | " "              |
| Amelia Beam.....            | " "              |
| J. Bernhard.....            | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Sallie A. Bethune.....      | " "              |
| Maggie S. Bethune.....      | " "              |
| Mary E. Berryhill.....      | " "              |
| Alice Billings.....         | South Carolina.  |
| Lizzie Brewer.....          | " "              |
| Sue Boyd.....               | " "              |
| Lottie Brown.....           | " "              |
| Mary Brown.....             | " "              |
| Sallie P. Craig.....        | " "              |
| Fannie Cline.....           | North Carolina.  |
| Mattie Clawson.....         | South Carolina.  |
| Ada Culpepper.....          | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Zana J. Davenport.....      | North Carolina.  |
| Josephine Davis.....        | Kentucky.        |
| Clara V. Daugherty.....     | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Josephine Daugherty.....    | " "              |
| Regina M. Deaton.....       | " "              |
| Mary Etta Deaton.....       | " "              |
| Ella Dowd. ....             | " "              |
| Mattie Dowd.....            | " "              |
| Willis Dowd.....            | " "              |
| Jennie Duckworth.....       | " "              |
| Mary Duckworth.....         | " "              |
| A. Duls.....                | " "              |
| C. H. Duls. ....            | " "              |
| Janey Duvall.....           | South Carolina.  |
| Emma Eagle.....             | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Jennie Eagle. ....          | " "              |

|                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Miss Laura Earnshaw.....   | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Hattie R. Edwards.....     | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| R. B. Elam.....            | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| P. L. Elam.....            | " "                     |
| Mary E. Ellerbe.....       | <i>South Carolina.</i>  |
| Ann Eliza Ellerbe.....     | " "                     |
| Fredonia Elliott.....      | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| Mary F. Ellington .....    | " "                     |
| Mollie E. Farrow.....      | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Rosa Frazier.. ..          | " "                     |
| E. Allene Fullings... ..   | " "                     |
| Carrie Fullings.....       | " "                     |
| Delia Fuller.....          | <i>South Carolina.</i>  |
| Lucy Graham .....          | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| Annie Grimes .....         | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Mary Grose.....            | " "                     |
| Nettie E. Hamilton.....    | <i>Georgia.</i>         |
| Camilla E. Hamilton.....   |                         |
| Della Hart.....            | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Mary Harty.. ..            | " "                     |
| Alice Harty.....           | " "                     |
| Ada Harty.....             | " "                     |
| Mary C. Hales.....         | " "                     |
| Susan Henderson.....       | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| C. Josephine Hicklin... .. | <i>South Carolina.</i>  |
| Sue Hood.....              | " "                     |
| Sarah Howie.....           | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| J. Howie.....              | " "                     |
| Isabella Hull.....         | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Hattie C. Holton .....     | " "                     |
| Hennie M. Ingram.....      | <i>South Carolina.</i>  |
| Ella Johnston.....         | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Sarah Johnston.....        | " "                     |
| Leonora Johnston.....      | " "                     |
| Fredericka Jones.....      | <i>South Carolina.</i>  |
| Mary Kinzel.....           | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Lizzie Kinzel.....         | " "                     |
| Eliza Knox .....           | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| Mary K. Knox.....          | " "                     |
| Maggie Knox .....          | " "                     |
| Nannie J. Lee.....         | " "                     |
| Mollie Lindsay.....        | <i>Indiana.</i>         |
| W. Lyles.....              | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| E. Martin.....             | " "                     |
| Sarah Martin.....          | " "                     |
| S. Nora Means .....        | " "                     |
| Addie V. Miller.....       | " "                     |

|                         |                  |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| Miss Mary J. Mills..... | North Carolina.  |
| Mary H. Mickle.....     | South Carolina.  |
| Cornelia Mickle.....    | " "              |
| Maggie McGilvray.....   | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Florella Meynardie..... | " "              |
| Mary E. Meynardie.....  | " "              |
| K. Moore.....           | " "              |
| Florence Moody.....     | South Carolina.  |
| Virginia Moody.....     | " "              |
| Nannie Moody.....       | " "              |
| Matilda Morrow.....     | North Carolina.  |
| Minnie Morrow.....      | " "              |
| Mary A. Morse.....      | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Henrietta F. Moye.....  | " "              |
| Mary Northey.....       | " "              |
| Bella Northey.....      | " "              |
| Jennie Norryce.....     | " "              |
| Fannie Person.....      | " "              |
| Emma Perkins.....       | Georgia.         |
| Glendora M. Pharr.....  | North Carolina.  |
| Lucie Phillips.....     | " "              |
| Irene Prince.....       | Charlotte, N. C. |
| A. Prince.....          | " "              |
| Maggie Price.....       | North Carolina.  |
| Josephine M. Price..... | " "              |
| Sue Powell.....         | " "              |
| A. Theodosia Reid.....  | South Carolina.  |
| M. Lilly Rives.....     | South Carolina.  |
| Virginia Robinson.....  | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Ellen Rudisill.....     | " "              |
| Laura Rudisill.....     | " "              |
| J. Robinson.....        | " "              |
| Alice Ross.....         | North Carolina.  |
| Minnie Ross.....        | " "              |
| Mollie Saunders.....    | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Laura Sherrill.....     | North Carolina.  |
| Ellen Siler.....        | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Isabella Stewart.....   | " "              |
| Hannah Stewart.....     | " "              |
| M. Mattie Stacy.....    | North Carolina.  |
| T. G. Stacy.....        | Charlotte, N. C. |
| Irene E. Stacy.....     | " "              |
| W. H. Stacy.....        | " "              |
| Laura Spraggins.....    | " "              |
| Julia Spraggins.....    | " "              |
| Elva E. Strong.....     | North Carolina.  |
| Mattie Steed.....       | Georgia.         |
| Annie Schnyder.....     | Charlotte, N. C. |



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|                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Miss Fannie Smith..... | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| Laura Smith.....       | " "                     |
| Virginia Taylor.....   | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| W. Taylor.....         | " "                     |
| Lottie Terres.....     | " "                     |
| Anna Vogel.....        | " "                     |
| Ida Warren.....        | <i>Georgia.</i>         |
| Ada Warren.....        | "                       |
| Mollie Wallace.....    | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| Alice Williams.....    | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Susan Williams.....    | " "                     |
| L. Williams.....       | " "                     |
| Ida J. Whitaker.....   | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| L. Rose White.....     | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Maggie West.....       | " "                     |
| Laura Wilson .....     | " "                     |
| Ada Wriston.....       | " "                     |
| Bessie Wriston.....    | " "                     |
| Mary K. Wolfe.....     | <i>North Carolina.</i>  |
| Lizzie Yates.....      | <i>Charlotte, N. C.</i> |
| Sallie S. Yates.....   | " "                     |
| Clara Yates.....       | " "                     |

## RECAPITULATION.

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| NORTH CAROLINA..... | 121 |
| SOUTH CAROLINA..... | 26  |
| GEORGIA.....        | 6   |
| INDIANA.....        | 1   |
| KENTUCKY.....       | 1   |

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TOTAL.....155

## DEPARTMENTS.

There are five distinct Departments, viz: *The Literary and Scientific; The Classical; The French; The Musical, and The Drawing and Painting.*

A pupil may graduate and receive a diploma in one, or in all these departments. The Literary and Scientific Course must be embraced, unless the pupil is a graduate of some Institution of learning.

### I. THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

In this there are the following: The Primary Class; the Preparatory Class; the four Collegiate Classes, and the Class of Resident Graduates.

The Primary Class embraces those who are beginning to spell and read.

The Preparatory Class consists of those who are acquiring the rudiments of Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography and Writing.

The Collegiate Section comprises the First, the Sophomore, the Junior and the Senior Classes.

The Class of Resident Graduates is composed of graduates of this or of some other College, who select from all the Departments such studies as they wish to pursue. It is expected that their attention will be directed mainly to the Languages and the Ornamental Branches. They may review any part of the course, or advance beyond what is prescribed.

The following Curriculum for the Collegiate Classes will indicate the high standard of scholarship required of those who graduate.

## COURSE OF STUDY.

### First Class.

FIRST SESSION.—Arithmetic—*Quackenboss*; English Grammar—*Quackenboss*; Geography—*Cornell*; History of the World—*Goodrich*.

SECOND SESSION.—Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, History of the United States—*Quackenboss*, expurgated.

### Sophomore Class.

FIRST SESSION.—Arithmetic, English Grammar, Algebra—*Davies*; Ancient Geography—*Mitchell*.

SECOND SESSION.—Arithmetic, Algebra, English Grammar, Philosophy of Natural History—*Smellie*.

### Junior Class.

FIRST SESSION.—Geometry—*Legendre*; Natural Philosophy—*Quackenboss*; Anatomy, etc.—*Cutter*; Rhetoric—*Quackenboss*; History—*Tytler*.

SECOND SESSION.—Trigonometry, Chemistry, Botany—*Darby*; Mental Philosophy—*Upham*; History—*Tytler*.

### Senior Class.

FIRST SESSION.—Trigonometry and Mensuration, Astronomy—*Olmstead*; Logic—*Coppee*; Evidences of Christianity—*Alexander*. History.

SECOND SESSION.—Elements of Criticism—*Kames*; Moral Philosophy—*Rivers*; Geology—*Hitchcock*. History.

It is expected that every pupil will study either Latin or French.

Special attention is given to Spelling, Reading, Writing, and Composition, throughout the entire course.

Prime importance is attached to Arithmetic, Geography, and English Grammar.

In these branches, pupils are *thoroughly drilled*. To a mind thus furnished and disciplined, the polite and elegant in education, at which we constantly aim, is comparatively easy.

Ignorance cannot be adorned. Only hard bodies, or *well-trained minds*, are susceptible of a splendid polish.

Pupils have the benefit of frequent Literary Addresses, Lectures on Historical and Astronomical subjects, and especially in Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene. They have the advantages of Literary Societies, and access to one of the largest and most valuable cabinets of minerals to be found in the United States.

All proper incitements to diligent study are employed by the Faculty.

As this is a regularly chartered Female College, the First Degree in Polite Literature will be conferred upon those young ladies who complete the regular Literary and Scientific Course.

## II.--THE CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

1. LATIN.—Grammar and Reader, Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, selections from Horace, and Livy.

2. GREEK.—Grammar and Reader, Greek Testament, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and Homer.

## III.--THE DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH

Is taught by a competent instructor.

At meals, those who are embraced in this department sit together, and use the French language.

Strict attention is paid to pronunciation.

## IV.--THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Is under the direction of an able and accomplished Professor, assisted by teachers of ability and experience.

The course is thorough, and the standard high.

Diplomas will be given only to those whose merits entitle them to this distinction. We are determined to omit nothing which can contribute to success in this department. We call the attention of patrons to the importance of Vocal Lessons, having in view especially the cultivation and improvement of the voice.

## V.--DRAWING AND PAINTING DEPARTMENT.

Proficiency in these branches of the Fine Arts will alone entitle the pupil to a diploma. The measure of success already achieved by pupils in this Department is highly gratifying.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Collegiate year will commence October 1, 1868, and will end June 29—Commencement Day.

There are two Sessions, of about twenty weeks each. The Fall Session extends from October 1 to February 15. The Spring Session begins February 16, and ends with the close of the School year.

CHARGES, payable in lawful currency of the United States, per session of twenty weeks:

|                                                                                                    |                |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Board, Fuel, Lights, Contingent Fee, and Tuition in Regular Course, if paid entire in advance..... | \$103.00       |
| If paid half in advance.....                                                                       | 110.00         |
| Tuition in English Course—day Scholars .....                                                       | 25.00          |
| “ Primary Department.....                                                                          | 16.00 to 20.00 |
| Music on Piano or Guitar—50 lessons in 20 weeks.....                                               | 25.00          |
| Vocal Music—all the pupils—no charge.                                                              |                |
| Extra Singing Lessons.....                                                                         | 15.00          |
| Use of Piano.....                                                                                  | 5.00           |
| Drawing.....                                                                                       | 15.00          |
| Oil or Pastel Painting.....                                                                        | 25.00          |
| Embroidery.....                                                                                    | 12.50          |
| French, German, Italian, Latin or Greek, each.....                                                 | 12.50          |

Washing at customary rates.

All expenses must be paid half in advance.

Payment for second half of the session will be due, and must be promptly made, at the middle of the Session, December 10.

Books and Stationery will be furnished in the Institution for cash.

Each pupill will furnish one pair of sheets and pillow cases, counterpane, and a supply of towels and table-napkins.

Pupils who are in arrears can only be removed at the option of the President.

Pupils will be enrolled for the entire Session, and no deduction for loss of time will be made, unless it be in cases of protracted sickness, at the discretion of the President. As a general rule pupils whose parents do not reside in the city will board in the Institution.

It is our settled policy to employ no second-rate Teacher. The Faculty is doubtless equal to any in the South.

Prof. J. L. Jones, late of the Southern Masonic Female College, now at Mecklenburg, will be pleased to renew old acquaintanceship with his numerous friends and former patrons in Georgia and elsewhere.

The magnificent College building is, perhaps, the largest edifice devoted to female education in the Southern States. The rooms are large, well furnished and well ventilated, affording the inmates a view of both the rising and the setting sun.

The grounds are delightfully shaded with native oaks. They comprise an area of more than twenty acres, sixteen of which are within the enclosure. Ample space is thus afforded for recreation and exercise. The water is pure and cold. The location is proverbially healthy.

Charlotte is one of the most pleasant and flourishing cities in the South. A very important centre of intelligence, refinement, and commercial and manufacturing enterprise.



The boarding department is under the immediate supervision of the President and others, who reside in the College building, and give their personal attention to the physical comfort of the young ladies, whether in sickness or in health. Pupils are regarded as members of *the family*, and the aim is to give them in the College a pleasant *home*.

We cannot condemn in language too emphatic the *one* idea of educating the mind to the neglect of the body. College girls should be returned to their homes in full health—strong, buoyant, and blooming. To keep them like house-plants is to make them invalids. We are, therefore, determined to give to those under our care a sufficiency of air, light, and exercise.

We call attention to our Gymnasium, a spacious brick building, in rear of the College, where, on the European plan, the young ladies exercise the arms and chest by rolling huge balls, jumping ropes, throwing circular hoops, and engaging in other kinds of Calisthenic exercises.

The College edifice has about *six hundred feet in length of piazzas*, where the young ladies promenade when the weather is inclement.

Shower Bath accommodations are also provided.

Our government is mild but firm. Pupils are allowed a sufficient degree of freedom while their intercourse with society is carefully guarded. Every effort will be made to sustain the reputation of the institution as a *safe* place for young ladies, and to afford opportunities for social culture and enjoyment.

Uniformity in dress is beautiful and economical. Pupils will, therefore, when they are away from the College premises, wear in winter, royal purple, (with black cloak, when a cloak is worn,) and hat trimmed with royal purple. In summer, the dress will be of white jaconet muslin.

The material for the uniform dress may be procured and made up in Charlotte after the arrival of the pupil.

Ordinarily, when young ladies are at the College they may dress as they prefer, provided that they are always neat.

Each young lady should be furnished with over-shoes and umbrella. The name should be distinctly marked on articles of clothing.


By means of the uniform, about one-half of the amount usually expended for dress is saved.

The regular College expenses are as low as can be afforded in an institution of high grade.

Several of the leading Churches are represented on the Board of Trustees.

There are six Churches in the City—the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Episcopalian, and the Lutheran.

"The College buildings are on a magnificent scale, and in admirable keeping with the public spirit and liberality of the people. Very few institutions of learning in our country, North or South, can present as strong inducements to the parents and guardians of young ladies as Mecklenburg Female College."—*Episcopal Methodist, Baltimore, Md.*

 Special attention is called to the CARRIER DOVE, or COLLEGE MAGAZINE, an elegant quarterly of forty-eight pages, at \$1.00 *per annum*, in advance. See Advertisement on fourth page of Cover.

Finally: we are encouraged to hope for a large ingathering of pupils October 1st. During the past year, as has been seen, 155 pupils from five States were enrolled, notwithstanding the stringency of the times in financial matters.

We are determined to make the institution in the highest degree worthy of an extensive and increasing patronage.

Address,

A. G. STACY,

Charlotte, N. C.

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Those who want positions should have the “Application Form.”

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The following are a few of our many friends and patrons in the South:

REV. A. J. LEAVENWORTH, Secretary Educational Association of Virginia, Petersburg.  
COL. W. W. FONTAINE, Spotswood Female Institute, Fredericksburg, Va.  
COL. C. L. COCKE, Hollins Institute, Botetourt Springs, Va.  
MISS PEGRAM, Principal Young Ladies’ Seminary, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. GEN. JOHN PEGRAM, Southern Home School, Baltimore, Md.  
REV. THOMAS M. CANN, Frederick Female College, Frederick City, Md.  
PROF. L. C. LOOMIS, Wheeling, West Virginia.  
SISTERS OF THE VISITATION, Mount de Chantal, Wheeling, West Virginia.  
PROF. J. E. NOURSE, Washington, D. C.  
GEN. R. RANSOM, Wilmington, N. C.  
MISS E. S. SEDGWICK, Principal, Augusta, Ga.  
B. MALLON, Esq., Superintendent of Schools, Savannah, Ga.  
REV. GEORGE S. SAVAGE, Principal, Lexington, Ky.  
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
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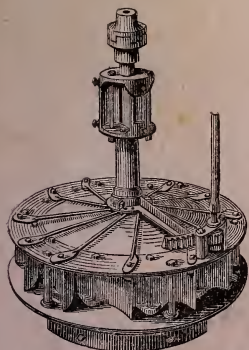
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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

October

No. 4.



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# The Carrier Dove.

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Department of the Philotechnic Society.

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## THE MAMMOTH CAVE.



N the border of an unproductive tract of land known as the Barrens, in the southwestern part of Kentucky, on Green River, in a corner of Edmonson County, about one hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from Harrodsburg Springs, gapes the gloomy door of the largest underground territory in the world.

It contains, according to the best authorities, two hundred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven domes, numerous rivers, eight cataracts, and twenty-three pits. The aggregate length of the various corridors is estimated at several hundred miles. Those who propose a journey thither must be prepared for "rough, uneven ways, that draw out the miles and make them wearisome," the Barrens being simply a vast reach of rolling knobs and hills, once bare and profitless prairies, but now overgrown by dwarf oaks and beeches, together with such vines and shrubs as are capable of rooting themselves in baked and dewless earth.

In the immediate neighborhood of the cave a more agreeable aspect of things is presented—green park-like openings—also, patches of fine woodland, hickory, chestnut, and elm; and in Cave

Hollow, a ravine widening into a delightful valley, the scenery becomes exceedingly beautiful.

This valley is bounded by rocky walls, capped with sandstone, precipitous in parts, in parts piled in loose masses, along the base of which grow walnuts, catalpas, papaws, and maples; while rooted among the rocks, and clambering over them, are weeds, brambles, and flowers, of brilliant colors and wild luxuriance of growth.

Making our way along a winding path through this hollow, we are met by a river of air, so cool as to remind us of that shady place

“ Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.”

And sure enough, as we stop to reconnoiter, we discover it to be the chill breath of the monster of caves, the entrance to which, as we descend the grassy terrace before us, opens upon the ancient darkness.

The declivity is thirty or more feet in descent, and as many wide, forming abrupt and broken steps as the bottom of the abyss is approached, where springs an arch of rudely piled rocks, overgrown with a mass of various and tangled vegetation, through which there is a perpetual dropping of water; and here the air, which seems blown from icebergs, the mouldy arch, brightened here and there by a lizard striped with green and scarlet, the silence and gloom (for the entrance is subterranean) are apt to impress the visitor with sensations of awe, if not horror.

The pit is quite hidden by the pendant foliage, and not till you have put it aside, and made your way over mounds of saltpetre, thrown out by the workmen engaged in its manufacture there in 1812, and across loose heaps of planks, stones, and earth, do you become fully conscious of the dismal and repelling darkness of the great sepulchre, which is certainly well calculated to give a fearful play to the imagination.

Those who have penetrated to its rock-ribbed labyrinths and star-roofed halls, sunless rivers, and glittering petrifications, are most tolerant of the exaggerations concerning it; for they all, with one accord, declare that they have seen nothing more “remarkable beneath the visiting moon,” and most appreciatively conceive how phantasms spring out of its grimly fascinating mysteries.



A few years ago a tract of land, supposed to cover the Mammoth Cave, was purchased by Dr. John Crogan, for ten thousand dollars, and so tied up by him as to prevent it from passing out of his family for several generations. Explorations and discoveries in its intricate branches made the great pride and satisfaction of his life. Perhaps, indeed, his pleasure in feeling his way along some dark entry to a new chamber, was hardly less than is the astronomer's,

"When a new planet swims into his ken."

Near the entrance of his marvelous possessions he erected a tavern, well suited to the wild aspect of its surroundings, it being built of logs, clapboarded, and rendered picturesque by whitewash, porticoes, and green shutters.

This rude tabernacle is altogether comfortable, and is two stories high, and two hundred feet long, with brick buildings at the extremities, showing their gable-ends in front.

Caps and frocks of yellow material are provided for the gentlemen, the crouching where the river roof is low, lying on the back to obtain the sky-like view of the "Star-Chamber," and the crawling through winding and narrow holes, being work to which one's own garments are not readily subjected.

A party thus accoutered, and each bearing a lamp, as is the custom, present a singular and not uninteresting picture.

Our poet, before quoted, suggests as an essential addition to the pleasure and beauty of the pilgrimage, a more picturesque costume, and recommends a slouched hat and plume, instead of the skull-cap; and short coats, instead of the disfiguring frocks; and the idea seems consonant, for why not add to a pleasure trip the charm of a pictorial costume?

Parties often remain at the hotel a week or more, and make daily explorations in the cave, and in such cases one entrance fee only is demanded, the old visitors accompanying the new ones with their guides as often as they choose.

The lands purchased by Dr. Crogan embrace nineteen hundred acres, covering three square miles above ground; they are highly ornamented by shrubbery and fruit trees, together with fine specimens of the ancient forest growth.

In 1834 the Mammoth Cave (to which it is time we should return) was surveyed by Edmund F. Lee, an engineer of Cincinnati, who

performed his task with skill and fidelity—the leveling of many miles of dark and obstructed passages, involving difficulties and hazards, and requiring two or three months for its accomplishment.

The measureless dimensions so often ascribed to the cavern by imaginative tourists, have thus been cruelly narrowed; scale, chain, and protractor have “laid bare the heart of the mystery,” and fixed the facts and figures of this most wonderful and beautiful accident, if accident it be, and is, as seems generally supposed, the result of some terrible convulsion of nature.

It is not one spacious hollow, as may be imagined, but consists of a multitude of labyrinthian branches, none of which extend more than three miles in any one direction. Many of them, indeed, have never been explored, and are not likely to be, owing to the much blasting with gunpowder required to make the gaps, which in some instances are little more than crevices, at all practicable.

Great care is exercised by the guides to prevent visitors from turning aside into these devious winding ways.

A few years ago, a gentleman leaving his party undertook to conduct his own exploration, and having put out his light by stumbling, remained forty-three hours in total, and doubtless most uncomfortable darkness; darkness,

“Whereof the silence aches upon the ear.”

It is related of another equally curious individual that, having ferried himself across the subterranean river, and penetrated five or six miles beyond, he fainted from exhaustion, and remained in a

“Savage place, as holy and enchanted

As e’er beneath the waning moon was haunted,”

till discovered by the famous guide, Stephen, who bore him back to the daylight in his arms! an achievement requiring a more invincible courage and a manlier endurance than many a one that is immortalized; for, aside from the distance, it must be remembered there were ladders to go up and down, holes to creep through, crags to climb, rivers to navigate, slippery abysses to edge around, and passages to thread in a position half double.

A basket of provisions, torches, lamps, and a canteen of oil, are usually provided for each expedition, and with his trappings slung over his back, and a light in his hand that the frozen breath of the cave twists and tortures fantastically, the guide precedes with zeal

unabated by familiarity; and, hesitating at every step, the visitors pass beneath the mighty portal, so high, that "giants might get through, and keep their impious turbans on," and the extraordinary observations begin.

The entrance, at first spacious, gradually lowers its ragged and broken roof, and contracts its splintered sides till two persons only can walk abreast; the path is hard and smooth, bearing to the left with a slight descent, and conducting to what is termed the Narrows.

In this vicinity the bones of a gigantic man were found by the niter diggers, and buried again with no sign to indicate the spot, and though they have often since been sought for, they have not been recovered.

The wooden pipes that conducted the water to the hoppers used by the niter manufacturers, are still to be seen.

It has been suggested that the bones of Indians entered largely into the niter produced here—a suggestion originating, probably, from the discovery of arrows and other Indian implements in the cave.

In the Narrows the visitor feels himself almost pushed backward by the wind, which here blows furiously, finds the shaggy roof lowering nearly to his head, and sees before him an east that no morning ever broke, and is likely to understand why even the most faithful dogs cannot be persuaded to follow their masters any further.

Suddenly the walls begin to expand and lose themselves, the ceiling to lift itself up, and the eyes to search through darkness for something to rest upon.

The light made by the torches in this huge vault, called the Rotunda, "is a glooming light, much like a shade," and it is the custom of the guide to kindle with fragments of the saltpetre works a great fire, by the flame of which the visitor is first apprised of the enormous proportions of the cave. The area, by fair measurement, covers half an acre, and the roof, which is from sixty to a hundred feet above the floor, seems in the imperfect light like a gray cloud rolling itself away. By degrees heavy buttresses, that seem bending under their weight, begin to grow out of the shadowy wall.



We cannot do better than condense from Dr. Bird's elaborate account, a description of this majestic antechamber of the cave:

"It is of oval figure, two hundred feet in length by a hundred and fifty wide, with a roof flat and level as if finished by the trowel of the plasterer. Two passages, each a hundred feet in width, open into it at its opposite extremities, and as they preserve a straight course for five or six hundred feet, with the same flat roof common to each, the impression is that of a vast hall. The passage on the right hand is the great Bat Room; that in front, the beginning of the grand gallery or main cavern. The whole of this prodigious space is covered by a single rock, in which the eye can detect no break or interruption, save at its borders, where is a broad sweeping cornice, traced in horizontal panel-work, exceedingly noble and regular; and not a single pillar or pier of any kind contributes to support it. It needs no support.

"'By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.'"

The rock forming the roof is a hundred feet thick, and will probably defy the peltings of the elements to the end of time.

The silence that reigns in this chamber is unbroken by a single whisper, and more solemn than can be elsewhere conceived of. "An army of a hundred thousand men might fight a Waterloo on the hills above its occupants, and they know nothing of it," unless, suggests our authority, the hideous secret were revealed by the color of the waters.

The Rotunda is one of the triumphs of the guide, as well as of nature, and he is apt to take advantage of the solemnly-elevated feelings of the visitor to inform him that "those who say the Mammoth Cave ain't a real tear cat don't know anything about it." The Bat Room impresses the visitor with the sensation of limitless space, the darkness being so dense as to prevent a single gleam of light from touching the walls.

Leaving the Rotunda in another direction, you enter Audubon's Avenue, which is a mile long, sixty feet in width, and as many in height. A well of sweet, pure water, twenty-five feet deep, has lately been discovered in it. Its roof is gray, and resembles floating clouds; it has a jetting gallery of rocks, approaching till in places they nearly meet, and is set round with numerous stalagmite



pillars, surrounded with incrustations, the reflections of which, in the light of the torches, are exceedingly beautiful.

From this avenue a narrow passage, winding among loose rocks, and gradually sloping to a descent of seventy or eighty feet, conducts into a spacious oval, as wide and high as the grand gallery into which it opens. This hall is called the Church, and is ornamented with a fine ledge of gallery, and some craggy images of nature's less painstaking moods. A rude altar has been constructed here, from which sermons have been preached, torches have made solemn illuminations, and congregations have sung the praises of the Divine architect. It is a temple, however, little suited to the love and affection that should underlie worship. It would accommodate five thousand persons.

The little Bat Room, which is found in this neighborhood, is low, dark, and winding, and appears to be the dry bed of what was once a river. Its walls are of sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes and figures by the perpetual dropping of water, and presenting numerous fissures leading into unexplored regions. Near its extremity there are two niches, very black and ugly, from which the beholder shrinks with instinctive horror. The floor treacherously inclines, and approaching, you look down into a pit which seems bottomless. Mr. Lee succeeded in dropping a lead two hundred and eighty feet, but whether he met some obstruction, or actually touched bottom, is uncertain.

On the brink of the frightful abyss above mentioned, the guide stops to tell you that many years before the sounding of Mr. Lee, the miners performed the same exploit by attaching a *young negro* to the end of a string, instead of a lead. He was brought up grinning, and professed to have discovered, in the course of his remarkable journey, a cave of the most glittering magnificence, but as he could never be induced to repeat the adventure, the splendid cave was supposed to have been a creation of his fancy. Of course the reader is at liberty to accept as much of this story as his credulity will bear.

Another story may properly be set down in this place, as it is one of a brace, usually and appropriately told at the verge of the Crevice Pit, as it is called.

We have already stated that the Mammoth Cave was wrought for saltpetre in 1812, and as preface to the story may also state that

about the same time there was a general mania concerning the manufacture of this article, occasioned by the high prices it commanded. In the prosecution of speculations, several caves in the South and West became celebrated as scenes of disaster; some of them having been entered by explorers who were never afterward seen. Less serious accidents were frightfully numerous. Connected with these tragedies is the story memorized by the guide. A few miles from the Mammoth Cave, among the knobs of the Barrens, is a cave called Wright's Cave, after the name of its first unfortunate explorer. He was a speculator, who, having reason to think the cave valuable, resolved to examine it, and for that purpose employed an experienced niter-maker as companion. A day was fixed for the assistant to meet him at the cave, but there happening at the time to prevail a terrible thunder-storm, the assistant failed to keep the appointment. Mr. Wright, meanwhile, reaching the cave in company with a miner of little skill, and having made preparations for the exploration, concluded to undertake it without the assistance of his more experienced aid. So the two men began and continued their work for several hours without fear or accident. They passed several pits in their search, but were not specially alarmed.

By and by, however, the candles which they carried in their hands began to burn low, and, to their dismay, they discovered that they had left their supply of lights at the mouth of the cave. The horrors of their situation immediately took possession of their minds and doubled its dangers, which were dreadful enough. They were too far from the cave's entrance to allow any reasonable hope of gaining it with what remained of their candles, and the fearful pits were directly in the path. If they could succeed in passing these by the help of their already flickering candles, they might possibly feel their further way through the darkness and into the blessed sunshine.

The desperation of the case left no alternative, and the miserable flight was begun. To their inexpressible joy and surprise, they not only reached the pits, but left them several hundred feet behind, while their candles yet held out.

But now came upon them a new trouble. In the dismay and confusion that possessed them with the utter failure of the last light, they neglected to set their faces toward the mouth of the

cave, and when the darkness closed round them, found themselves bewildered and at variance, Wright vehemently protesting in favor of one direction, and the miner contending as earnestly for its opposite. The urgency of Wright at length overcame the doubts of the miner so far as to induce him to follow his desperate lead, he being the first to encounter the pits, provided they were wrong.

As they crawled along on their hands and feet, the only way they dare proceed in that fearful place, Wright strengthened the courage of his companion by proposing to throw stones before him as a test of the safety of the path, he supposing that a pit would be thus easily detected. Thus they proceeded for some time, Wright hurling stones before him, and uttering frequent exclamations expressive of the wildest disorder of mind. They had gone so far over the rough, broken floor, that the miner began to feel satisfied of the correctness of the route, supposing the pits must have already been reached if they were wrong, when suddenly the clang of one of the stones cast by Wright, which seemed to have struck the solid ground, was succeeded by a rushing noise, and the clatter of loose stones and earth down a declivity, and then a heavy, hollow crash at a depth beneath.

He called to his companion, but there came back no answer. He called again, listening in the intensest agony, but his unfortunate employer returned not even a groan. His fate was unquestionable; he had slipped into one of the pits so suddenly, as not to have time for a single cry of terror.

Receiving no answer to his repeated calls, the terrified miner at length turned in the opposite direction, and after crawling about for hours, sometimes sinking flat on the ground from exhaustion, and sometimes overcome by despair, he saw at last away in the distance, a little light, sparkling like a star. He hurried forward, and, sure enough, it was the morning star that had shone into his fearful sepulchre, and lighted him back to life. A party were speedily at the cave, and soon after at the edge of the pit, their torches illumining its chaotic blackness. A workman of the Mammoth Cave, induced by the temptation of a large reward, was lowered by ropes to the bottom of the pit, a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and the lifeless and broken body of Wright was drawn up. This tragedy lacks not authoritative confirmation.

The little Bat Room is doubly remarkable, both for its crevice-



pit, and for the thousands of bats which, during the winter season, are found clinging, torpidly, to its roof and walls; with the spring weather they disappear from the cave. Within a hundred yards ruins of niter works are again encountered, in shape of planks, troughs, pumps, vats, etc.

The visitor is next directed to a gallery sweeping across the main cave, at a height of thirty feet from the floor, and losing itself in what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its resemblance to that style of architecture; for here the huge and grotesque masses of rock become wonderfully imitative. It is entered by climbing a flight of steps, and sidling through a gap in the wall. Its height is fifteen feet, width forty feet, length two miles; the ceiling is smooth, as if finished by a plasterer. In this hall several mummies have been found among the recesses of the rock, and a curious piece of bark-matting, the relic of some Indian queen, perhaps, is still shown. The bodies seemed to have undergone no process of embalming, but were, nevertheless, in a perfect state of preservation; so dry is the air, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, as to prevent decomposition. What has been done with these mummies I have been unable to ascertain with any certainty. One is reported to be in the British Museum, and another to have been burned up in the Museum in Cincinnati.

---

THE florist comes, he takes the roses of warmer climates, which are unaccustomed to our seasons, he crosses them with the hardier growth of our northern gardens, and obtains plants which endure our winters in the open air, and bloom continually from the beginning of June to the setting in of the winter frosts. There is now no last rose of summer,—summer goes out in a cloud of roses; they spring up under the departing footsteps of autumn. Some poet speaks ironically of roses in December; what he meant as an extravagance has become the literal truth. It is curious to see the plant go on putting forth its flowers and rearing its clusters of buds as if without any presentiment of approaching winter, till, in the midst of its bloom, it is surprised by a frost nipping all its young and tender shoots at once, like a sudden failure overtaking one of our men of commerce in the midst of his many projects.



A MORNING HYMN.

Arise, my soul! with rapture rise,  
And, filled with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power!  
Nor idly pass, nor fruitless be;  
But may each swiftly flying hour  
Advance my soul more nigh to Thee.

But can it be that Power divine,  
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,  
While countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise,

Will deign to lend a favoring ear  
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?  
Yes, boundless Goodness! he will hear,  
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

Then let me serve Thee all my days,  
And may my zeal with years increase;  
For pleasant, Lord! are all thy ways,  
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

TOO LATE.

The sun that warms the fading flower  
May cheer, not change its doom;  
May stay its fate for one brief hour,  
But ne'er restore its bloom!  
So, when the wither'd heart receives  
The light of love too late,  
Its charm a while the wreck relieves,  
But cannot change its fate!

That heart, if yesterday caress'd,  
Perchance had 'scaped decay!  
That smile, which yesterday had bless'd,  
Comes all in vain to-day!  
Then, O! Love's vow of honor keep,  
Nor let Affection wait;  
For vain repentance, vain to weep,  
When kindness comes too late!

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## Department of the Chemesian Society.

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### THE UNIVERSAL BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE.

CELEBRATED skeptical philosopher of the last century—the historian, Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation by the concise argument: “It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false.” Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we cannot trace to causes perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought! It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman’s experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to anything but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions, and, after week upon week, and month upon month, have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature’s sepulchre—when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows—did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth; and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter’s hand—buried, but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls

on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature, the bread of a hungry world; here, a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there, an unplanted wilderness—the great Father's farm—where He “who hears the raven's cry” has cultivated, with His own hand, His merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky, the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life—has he seen all this? Does he see it every year, and month, and day? Does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fibre and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls, could feed five thousand in the wilderness.

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A SEVERE RETORT.—Robert Hall, while suffering a temporary loss of reason, was visited in the madhouse by a person who, in a whining tone, asked: “What brought you here, Mr. Hall?” Touching his brow significantly with his finger, Hall replied: “What will never bring you, sir—too much brain.”

## BLESSINGS OF PEACE.



OW beautiful the spectacle presented by that land which is habitually at peace with all the world! See the thriving cities, towns, and villages in which the hum of business, the clanking of manufactures, and the familiar sights and sounds of successful industry everywhere prevail! See the fields waving with the rich products of the soil—the garnerers teeming bountifully with food for man and beast—the harbors crowded with vessels which bring their tributes of wealth and comfort from every land—the smiling homes and firesides—the farmer singing at his plow, and the mechanic at his work! See the pervading life and energy which infuses itself into every department of human effort—the arts and sciences flourishing—education more and more widely extended—men running to and fro, and knowledge increased—the sphere of Christian activity enlarged—new churches built—missions and Sabbath-schools planted in destitute places—preachers and colporteurs sent forth to possess the land for Christ—the Gospel acquiring daily new trophies to its divine power, and truth achieving new victories over error. Souls which might have been hardened and destroyed by the influences of war, are, under the mild reign of peace, rendered susceptible to the appeals of the pulpit and press, and instead of swelling the number of God's enemies, go to augment the army of his followers. Many a prodigal returns to his Father's house, and many a lost one is found. The church rejoices in an increase of her strength, and there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over repenting sinners. The heavenly hope finds readier access to human hearts—souls are saved, and God is glorified. Nor is this all. The abounding life and exuberant sympathy of God's people will not, in time of peace, be confined to the narrow limits of a country or a continent, but overflow all boundaries. As war impedes our efforts for the spread of the Gospel, so peace encourages them, and enables the Church to extend the circling ripples of her influence far and wide, until they embrace the globe itself. Peace places in our hands the means; peace affords opportunities for employing them to advantage; peace



wafts the missionary across the seas; peace casts down the walls of prejudice, and secures a ready access to the homes and hearts of the heathen; peace sustains him there, and provides the bread of life for millions of famishing souls, and with the Bibles which it prints, affords a practical and convincing commentary upon its truths; peace affords the sinews which God strengthens for the demolition of Satan's kingdom; peace supplies, sustains, and co-operates with many of those forces which, under God, are to evangelize the world and inaugurate the reign of the *Prince of Peace*.

We do not affirm that the universal prevalence of peace would, of itself alone, secure all these blessings. No. "The Word of God only, the grace of Christ only, the work of the Spirit only," are the hope of the nation, the church, and the world. Yet the very letter of that Word, the character of that Grace, and the known operations of that Spirit assure us that if ever these blessings are to be looked for, it is in times of peace; the reign of peace will go far toward securing the reign of happiness and righteousness.

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#### TO AN INFANT SLEEPING IN A GARDEN.

Sleep on, sweet babe! the flowers that wake  
Around thee are not half so fair;  
Thy dimpling smiles unconscious break,  
Like sunlight on the vernal air.

Sleep on! no dreams of care are thine,  
No anxious thoughts that may not rest;  
For angel arms around thee twine,  
To make thy infant slumbers bless'd.

Perchance *her* spirit hovers near,  
Whose name thy infant beauty bears,  
To guard thine eyelids from the tear  
That every child of sorrow shares.

Oh! may thy life like hers endure,  
Unsullied to its spotless close;  
And bend to earth as calm and pure  
As ever bowed the summer rose.



## A MOTHER'S LOVE—HOME.

ANY of us—most of us who are advanced beyond the period of childhood—went out from that home to embark on the stormy sea of life. Of the feelings of a father, and of his interest in our welfare, we have never entertained a doubt, and our home was dear because he was there; but there was a peculiarity in the feeling that it was the home of our mother. While she lived there, there was a place that we felt was *home*. There was one place where we would always be welcome; one place where we would be met with a smile; one place where we would be sure of a friend. The world might be indifferent to us. We might be unsuccessful in our studies or our business. The friends which we supposed we had made might prove to be false. The honor which we thought we deserved might be withheld from us. We might be chagrined and mortified by seeing a rival outstrip us, and bear away the prize which we sought. But there was a place where no feelings of rivalry were found, and where those whom the world overlooked would be sure of a friendly greeting. Whether pale and wan by study, care, or sickness, or flushed with health and flattering success, we were sure that we should be welcome there. Though the world was cold towards us, yet there was one who always rejoiced in our success, and always was affected in our reverses; and there was a place to which we might go back from the storm which began to pelt us, where we might rest, and become encouraged and invigorated for a new conflict. So have I seen a bird, in its first efforts to fly, leave its nest, and stretch its wings, and go forth to the wide world. But the wind blew it back, and the rain began to fall, and the darkness of night began to draw on, and there was no shelter abroad, and it sought its way back to its nest, to take shelter beneath its mother's wings, and to be refreshed for the struggles of a new day; but then it flew away to think of its nest and its mother no more. But not thus did we leave our home when we bade adieu to it to go forth alone to the manly duties of life. Even amidst the storms that then beat upon us, and the disappointments that we met with, and

the coldness of the world, we felt still that there *was* one there who sympathized in our troubles, as well as rejoiced in our success, and that whatever might be abroad, when we entered the door of her dwelling, we should be met with a smile. We expected that a mother, like the mother of Sisera, as she "looked out at her window," waiting for the coming of her son laden with the spoils of victory, would look out for *our* coming, and that our return would renew her joy and ours in our earlier days.

Oh! in our sterner manhood, when no ray  
Of earlier sunshine glimmers in our way,  
When girt with sin, and sorrow, and the toil  
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they soil;  
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain  
One link that knits us with young dreams again,  
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare to muse,  
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,  
Which seems each instant, in its backward range,  
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,  
And every spring untouched for years, to move,  
It is—THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE."

It makes a sad desolation when from such a place a mother is taken away; and when, whatever may be the sorrows or the successes in life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The home of our childhood may be still lovely. The old family mansion—the green fields—the running stream—the moss-covered well—the trees—the lawn—the rose—the sweetbrier—may be there. Perchance, too, there may be an aged father, with venerable locks, sitting in his loneliness, with everything to command respect and love, but she is not there. Her familiar voice is not heard. The mother has been borne forth to sleep by the side of her children who went before her, and the place is not what it was. There may be those there whom we much love, but she is not there. We may have formed new relations in life, tender and strong as they can be; we may have another home dear to us as was the home of our childhood, where there is all in affection, kindness, and religion, to make us happy, but *that* home is not what it was, and it will never be what it was again. It is a loosening of one of the cords which bound us to earth, designed to prepare us for our eternal flight from everything dear here below, and to teach us that there is *no* place here that is to be our permanent home.



JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT, with all his eccentricities, was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of his day. His imaginative powers have been seldom equaled, and his command of language was wonderful. His written style, however, will not bear the severity of criticism. It is overloaded with ornament. Occasionally, as in this handsome tribute to "Moral Excellence," his sentiments, unobscured by the gorgeousness of their drapery, are worthy of preservation for their intrinsic beauty and truthfulness :

"Wide and far-reaching as is the triumph of genius and art, the triumph of moral excellence is more endearing; its empire more undisputed; its immortality more certain. The great Luther, who graved the deep lines of the Reformation upon the tablet of the sixteenth century, and bade the clock of eternity pause until he had 'notched the century with the impress of his master mind,' he was the man! Around his brow the honors cluster that belong to him who hews an age into a shape of moral beauty, and fashions a huge fragment of time after the great model of eternity. To express the moral grandeur of these men—a Luther—a Phidias, and a Praxiteles, and a Thorswalsden might carve; a Raphael, a David, and a West might paint. They only fashion *blocks* and breathe beauty into *tableaux*; he was the creator of an age; he rolled back the dial of the dark years of the world, and wound up destiny to a brighter course."

VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare; for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiation, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crises come, the not seizing of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the sure and silent tread of destiny.



## AN EVENING HYMN.

My soul, a hymn of evening praise  
To God, thy kind preserver, raise,  
Whose hand, this day, hath guarded, fed,  
And thousand blessings round thee shed.

Forgive my sins this day, O Lord,  
In thought or feeling, deed or word;  
And if in aught thy law I've kept,  
My feeble efforts, Lord, accept.

While nature round is hush'd to rest,  
Let no vain thought disturb my breast;  
Shed o'er my soul religion's power,  
Serenely solemn as the hour.

Oh, bid thy angels o'er me keep  
Their watch to shield me while I sleep,  
Till the fresh morn shall round me break,  
Then with new vigor may I wake.

Yet think, my soul, another day  
Of thy short course has rolled away!  
Ah, think, how soon in deepening shade  
Thy day of life itself shall fade!

How soon death's sleep my eyes must close,  
Lock every sense in dread repose,  
And lay me 'mid the awful gloom  
And solemn silence of the tomb!

This very night, Lord, should it be,  
Oh, may my soul repose in thee,  
Till the glad morn in heaven shall rise,  
Then wake to triumph in the skies.

---

“WHY do you show favor to your enemies instead of destroying them?” said a chieftain to the Emperor Sigismund. “Do I not destroy my enemies by making them my friends?” was the Emperor’s noble reply. Kindness is the best weapon with which to beat an adversary.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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We hope the general reader may find something of interest in the succeeding pages. Do not lay down the magazine until you have read the contents entire.

We take pleasure in making mention of a gold pen, good and cheap, received from B. T. Hayward, Esq., 208 Broadway, New York. We have found Mr. Hayward an accommodating gentleman, whose speciality is Masonic Emblems.

Read the Advertisements of Mr. Wm. A. Ludden, Mr. H. H. Harrison, and others.

*The Rural New Yorker*.—We have specimen copies of this finely illustrated and interesting weekly, which is soon to be greatly enlarged.

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We could fill this Magazine with recommendations from men known all over the country but have only space to insert the following letter from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens:

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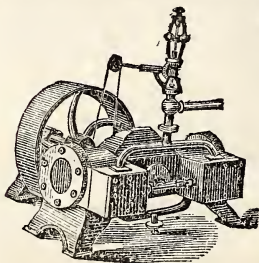
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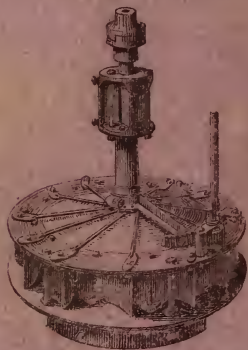
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